

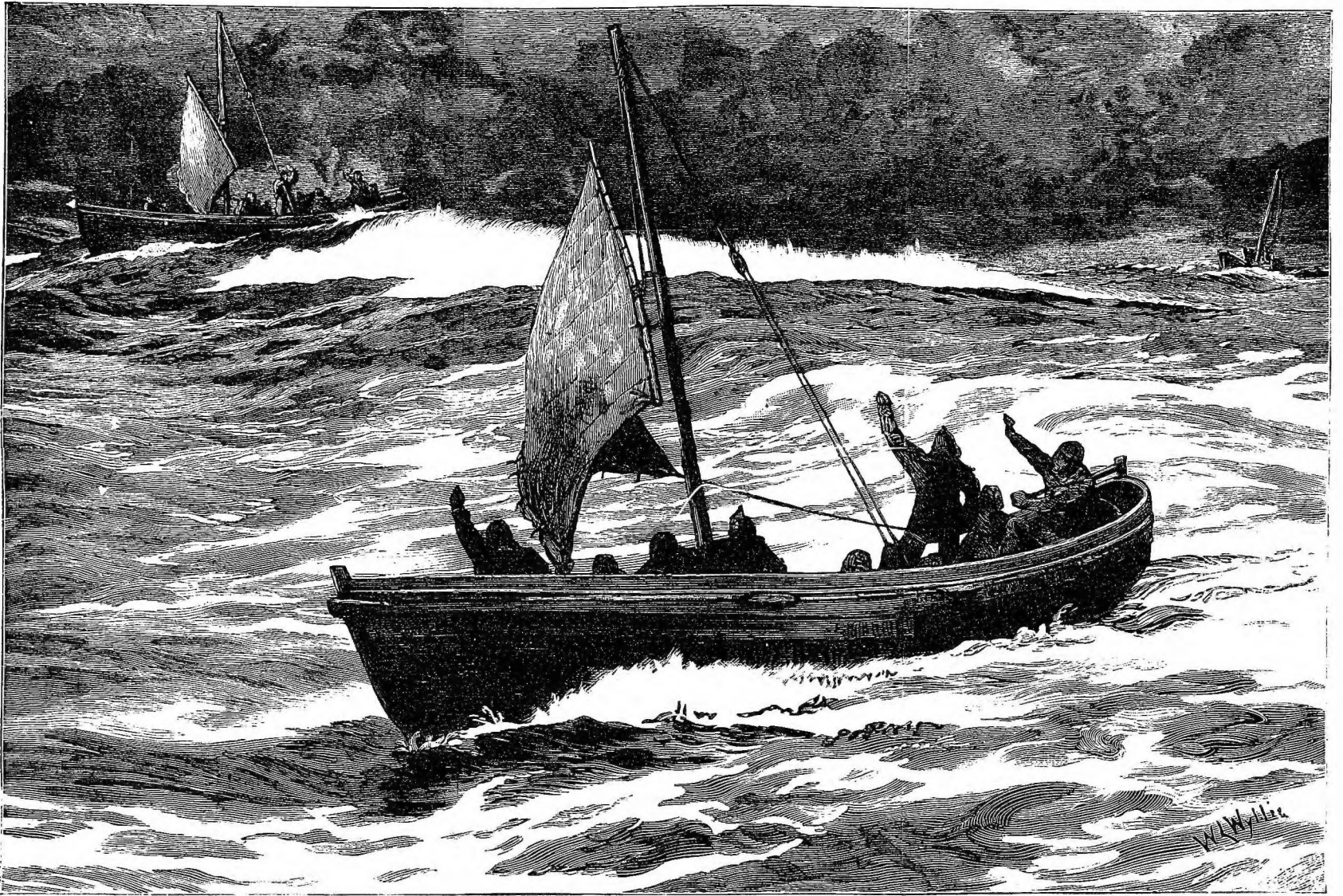
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 651.—VOL. XXV.
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SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1882

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE SIXPENCE
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny]



Captain De Long's Boat

Whale Boat, Lieutenant Danenhower, and Eleven Men

Lieutenant Chipp's Boat as Last Seen, Letting Down Sail.

THE LOSS OF THE "JEANNETTE:" SEPARATION OF THE BOATS DURING A GALE, SEVEN P.M., SEPTEMBER 12, 1881

DRAWN FROM MINUTE DESCRIPTIONS BY LIEUT. DANENHOWER



THE ASSASSINATIONS IN DUBLIN: FUNERAL OF MR. BURKE IN GLASNEVIN CEMETERY

Topics of the Week

THE NEW COERCION BILL.—It is just as well that some days should have elapsed between the Dublin murders and the introduction of the Prevention of Crime Act. People may loudly assert that they are not acting under the influence of panic, but it is certain that the House of Commons are far more willing now to criticise impartially a new coercion policy than they were on Tuesday week, when the blood of the murdered men was scarcely dry. We are aware that the Government say that this Prevention of Crime Bill was all ready cut and dried before the assassinations took place. This seems rather an amazing statement. First, a Bill of such stringency is, or should be, of urgent importance. Yet Mr. Gladstone had said that he meant to give precedence to his darling Procedure Reform. Secondly, it is curious that the Government should be relying on a new Coercion Bill, when they were hoping (*teste* Captain O'Shea) to stop outrages by the personal agency of the ubiquitous and mysterious Mr. Sheridan. The new Bill seems to be generally approved of by the Conservative party, who have, indeed, for two years past recommended the adoption of some of its provisions. The "dynamite" newspaper, home-grown or imported, often the only literature in the peasant's cabin, has helped much to kindle an artificial resentment against England. Trial by jury, in agrarian cases, has long been a farce, and, though the judges are not to be envied for their new and perilous functions, they are scarcely likely to be so inefficient as are the twelve men in a box. The Bill confers enormous power on the police. Subordinate officials, sometimes from too much zeal, are occasionally tyrannical and unjust. Care must be taken to prevent this, or the loyalty which still largely prevails in Ireland, if the people were only let alone by outside mischief-makers, will be completely smothered. Altogether, the Bill is a very severe measure. Had the Tories been in power, they would have been howled at for daring to propose such an anachronistic remedy. But Democracy does not object to high-handed proceedings, provided she has the management of them. Witness the Bastilles of the United States under Mr. Lincoln; the massacres and deportations of Paris under M. Thiers. The most curious thing about the whole matter is this. If the Bill passes, Ireland will be virtually in what Continentals call "a state of siege;" yet Irishmen outside Ireland, a very numerous fraternity, will be in full possession of their liberties,—in Westminster Palace, for example, where Irish M.P.'s not only enjoy their own liberties, but take considerable liberties with other people.

IRISH ARREARS.—The situation in Ireland is so desperate that Mr. Gladstone's Bill for settling the question of arrears is almost certain to be accepted by Parliament. Nobody out of Ireland professes to like the principle of the measure; but its supporters contend that there is no other way out of a pressing difficulty. If this be true, there is, of course, no more to be said; the country must simply submit to an inevitable evil. It is not improbable, however, that by providing so unusual a remedy we are preparing for ourselves still more formidable embarrassments hereafter. Even in the midst of revolutionary agitation there are Irish tenants who have made great and self-sacrificing efforts to meet their obligations, some of them paying their rents in secret, and pretending afterwards to be in complete sympathy with the Land League. What are these honest people to think when they find that, after all, if they had only waited a little, their rents would have been paid for them? They are not likely to be very eager, when there is another bad harvest, to acknowledge the rights of their landlords. It is possible that some poor tenants, who have been really unable to discharge their debts, may not be seriously demoralised by an act of exceptional generosity; but there can be no doubt that the measure will be taken advantage of by a very large number of persons who, if they had chosen, could have found means somehow to act honourably and independently. Men of this class will not be conciliated by the intervention of the State; they will only be confirmed in their conviction that if force, when applied by the Government, is no remedy, it is, when applied by the governed, a very effectual method of securing enormous favours. The Bill requires that tenants shall prove their incapacity to clear off arrears; but it will be easy to evade this part of the measure; and probably the authorities will not be disposed to enforce it very stringently.

THE KILMAINHAM COMPACT.—When the rumour spread that the Suspects were to be released, cynical-minded persons, recalling the negotiations with O'Connell half-a-century ago, and believing that Whig-Radical nature alters little from one generation to another, surmised that there was some understanding between the Government and the men who were under lock and key at Kilmainham. This, however, Mr. Gladstone strenuously and categorically denied; and, but for a certain sinister occurrence, the real facts of the business might have lain hidden till the publication, fifty years hence, perhaps, of some deceased statesman's autobiography. The same ruthless daggers, however, which murdered Cavendish and Burke, were cruel enough to puncture the bladder of policy which the Cabinet and the Parnellites jointly helped to blow. Hence the disclosures in

Parliament on Monday and Tuesday. These disclosures are both instructive to the world at large and very damaging to the Government. They prove that the Irish outrages of the last two years, instead of being spontaneous and isolated, the outcome of intolerable misery and wild revenge, were artificially induced, and could be suppressed if the master mind chose to give the signal. In short, they resembled those waterfalls which tourists are taken to see, which look very natural and very uncontrollable, but which can be turned on or off at the pleasure of the keeper. The tourist usually pays a fee to have the water turned on, Mr. Gladstone offered a fee (liberty) to have the water turned off. This would have been a hazardous experiment. It is a dangerous enterprise for a Government to enter into agreements with men who, if not themselves conspirators, have close and confidential relations with conspirators. But there is nothing absolutely discreditable in such a bargain, and there is a bare chance that, if the Phoenix Park murders had never taken place, the policy might have succeeded. Mr. Parnell, who, until the other day, exercised an influence in Ireland which the Crown with all the forces at its command could not rival, might possibly, in return for certain substantial concessions, have restored some semblance of law and order in the island. The really discreditable part of the business lies in the equivocations of the Government. Mr. Gladstone is famous for his inability to give a straightforward answer. On this occasion he has excelled his previous reputation. No true patriot will rejoice over this melancholy exhibition, for everything which tends to lessen the honour and respect which ought to be felt for the principal advisers of the Queen strengthens the cause of the Separationists in Ireland.

EGYPT.—The statements of Lord Granville and Sir Charles Dilke with regard to Egyptian difficulties gave general satisfaction. It is not known by what precise means England and France, if active intervention should become necessary, would attempt to re-establish order in Egypt; but we have now a definite assurance that the two Governments are in complete accord, and that their policy has the approval of the other Great Powers. Many Englishmen would, no doubt, have been better pleased if England could have acted alone; but French claims are in their way as genuine as our own, although not so important, and by affecting to disregard them we should only involve ourselves in fresh complications. A time may come when it will be necessary for Great Britain to pursue an independent policy; but no such necessity has yet arisen, and in the mean time association with France is by far the best means of preventing revolution at Cairo. On the whole, the Khedive has acted lately with prudence and firmness; and the evidence tends to show that England and France are justified in their resolution to uphold him. Had there been a strong popular movement in favour of Arabi Pasha, the position of the Western Powers would have been one of great perplexity; but the fellahs and the Notables have manifested no inclination to dispute the Khedive's authority. Even the army has been less steadfast in its loyalty to Arabi than he anticipated. That the Egyptians desire to have a more direct control over their own affairs is highly probable; but they appear to have convinced themselves that they would not profit by exchanging foreign influence for the despotism of a few military adventurers. The presence of the fleet at Alexandria is, therefore, a demonstration in support of the true national party, or at any rate of what may become a true national party; and there is reason to hope that peace will be maintained without the use of direct means of repression.

THE ASSASSINATIONS.—We expressed a hope last week that the manifestation of repentance for this crime among the disaffected Irish was sincere. We felt misgiving at the time, and now we are constrained to say that many of the tears shed were only crocodile tears, and the grief only skin-deep. Of course it is said that the new Coercion Bill has caused this revulsion of feeling; but this Bill, severe as it is, strikes only at law-breakers, who, we should like to believe, are only a small section of the population. At the Cooper Institute, New York, it was confidently declared beforehand that the dynamite faction would be utterly discredited; yet they were present in force, and, though an expression of regret at the assassinations was adopted by the meeting, it was so qualified as to become almost a mockery. Again, in Bishop M'Cormack's letter, it is instructive to compare the calm conventional words of sorrow for the Phoenix Park murders with the coarse assault on Lord Cairns in the second paragraph. The demeanour of the public generally, too, in Ireland, after the first shock was over, was scarcely that of a sincerely mournful people. And it is to be feared that not only are the mass of the people cold and unsympathising, but that the murderers had not a few accomplices. Had a similar crime been committed in London, the actual doers of the deed, having carefully laid all their plans beforehand, might possibly have escaped; but the vehicle which carried the murderers to and from the scene of blood could scarcely have escaped identification. And Dublin is, in size, a mere village compared with this wilderness of houses. Even if the murderers should be arrested on the other side of the Atlantic, by the aid of the United States authorities, the capture will not necessarily prove any disinterested exertions on the part of non-official Irishmen.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—On Tuesday Mr. Labouchere was prevented from introducing his motion regarding the "obstructive, unnecessary, and dangerous" character of the Upper House. This is to be regretted, for Radicals have indulged lately in so much vague talk about the House of Lords, that it would have been interesting to learn how far they may be said to represent public opinion in the matter. For our part, we do not believe that the House of Lords is likely to be in the slightest peril for a long time to come. When it throws out or seriously modifies Radical schemes, it is natural enough that the upholders of these measures should cry out against it; but the English nation must have strangely altered if it is prepared to destroy, by a sudden impulse, the most ancient element in its constitution. For the House of Lords represents a principle which is older than that of Monarchy itself, and very much older than that of Representative Chambers. It has struck its roots too deeply, not only into the political, but into the social life of the people to be easily or quickly abolished. That it is often too violent in its hostility to Liberal measures everybody who has any sympathy with the general aims of Liberalism must admit; but it is a mistake to suppose that the House of Lords is necessarily ultra-Tory. As a matter of fact, its present bias dates no farther back than to the time of George III., who crammed the House with his own supporters. Before his day, measures which we should now call Liberal were as likely to be received favourably in the one House as in the other; and we have no right to assume that this happier state of things may not be restored by and by. The experience of every country in which Parliamentary institutions have been tried shows that two Chambers are necessary for effective legislation; and in the House of Lords we possess a Chamber which has the extraordinary advantage of complete independence—of complete independence, that is to say, until the will of the nation has been unmistakably expressed. It would certainly not be a wise policy to throw away an instrument of this kind, which is capable of indefinite improvement, in order to establish a poor imitation of the American or the French Senate.

A SCHOOL OF DRAMATIC ART.—Whether the art of acting has declined or not, we really cannot say. There are many more theatres, and theatrical entertainments are more fashionable than they were, say, five-and-thirty years ago; but, on the other hand (with the exception of such an enterprise as that of Mr. Irving) there is less scope for acting, according to the old-world definition of acting, than there used to be. The staple of our modern dramatic *fabulum* consisted till the other day either of burlesques, which are totally unlike Nature, or of Robertsonian comedies, which are intended to copy Nature as closely as possible. In these latter a good appearance and irreproachable dress and deportment are of more consequence than dramatic power. Lately, melodrama has begun to reassert its popularity, and may perhaps have caused the complaint that well-qualified actors and actresses are scarce. At all events a meeting was held on Monday at the Lyceum Theatre for promoting the establishment of a School of Dramatic Art, and thereby satisfying the alleged demand for well-trained performers. One thing is certain. Railways have effectually killed the old travelling companies of the Vincent Crummies type. Association with them was not always pleasant, for there was often a "frost" in the treasury, and the "ghost" frequently failed to "walk," but they were good practical training-colleges, because the entertainments given were so constantly varied. "Quick study" became a serious consideration, when a man, as we have heard a veteran assert, plays in seven-and-twenty different characters within one week. Whereas the modern travelling companies usually buy or hire the rights of some popular piece, and play it wherever they go night after night. Why not, instead of a pretentious Dramatic School, with costly buildings, &c., revive the primitive Crummies company, with a distinctly educational object? Let the scenery and dresses be as humble as they were in the old days. Let them play in barns and outhouses, but let the acting be sedulously looked after. Some of the physical discomforts and moral evils of the old peripatetic company might be conveniently eliminated, but its grand virtue, namely, that it gave every novice a chance of playing many parts, renders its revival advisable, if it be possible.

MR. GREEN.—Everybody is heartily sorry for this unfortunate gentleman, whose punishment is certainly much in excess of his offence. Even his enemies are vexed to think that we have no better way of dealing with a refractory clergyman than to keep him in gaol as if he were a common criminal. Of course, Mr. Green is not really, as he and his friends suppose, a martyr; he could cause his prison doors to be opened at any moment by simply undertaking to obey the law, or, if he is unable to remain in the Church of England as at present constituted, by withdrawing from its communion. Still, the fact that he is imprisoned is one of which the country has no reason to be proud; and it is not surprising that the Archbishop of Canterbury has introduced a Bill for the purpose of effecting his release. The House of Commons is too much occupied with other business to attend to this measure; but, even if it had leisure, it is doubtful whether the Archbishop's scheme would commend itself to the judgment of a majority of members. He proposes that if a clergyman is imprisoned for contumacy

the Archbishop of the Province shall have power to move the Court for his discharge: a power which is at present only in the hands of the prosecutor. Obviously, the result of this plan would be to put the Archbishops in an extremely invidious position, since they would have a discretion which might be abused by a bigoted or passionate dignitary. A much better plan would be, as was proposed in the Bill of last year, to declare a clergyman free after an imprisonment of six months. The difficulty, however, will not be properly met until offences of the class committed by Mr. Green are visited with penalties of a totally different kind. Suspension and deprivation would be less barbarous in appearance than imprisonment, and probably a thousand times more effectual.

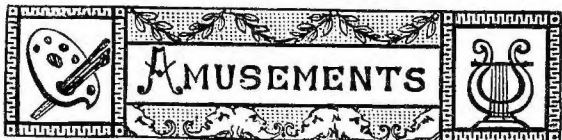
NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an Extra Double-Page Supplement, showing "THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE LORD FREDERICK CAVENDISH IN EDENSOR CHURCHYARD."—The Half-Sheet, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 504 and 513.

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BY
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Madame Albani.—Monday, May 22nd, Ambroise Thomas's Opera, MIGNON. Madame Albani, Madame Valleria; Mdlle. Stahl; Mons. Gailhard, and Signor Lestellier.

Second Appearance this Season of Madame Adelina Patti.—Tuesday, May 23rd, Verdi's Opera, IL TROVATORE. Madame Adelina Patti, Mdlle. Stahl; Mons. Devries, and Signor Nicolini.

Doors open at eight o'clock, the opera commences at half-past. The Box-office, under the Porch of the Theatre, is open from 10 till 5. Orchestral stalls, £4 5s.; side boxes on the first tier, £3 3s.; upper boxes, £2 12s. 6d.; balcony stalls, 15s.; pit tickets, 7s.; amphitheatre stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING. EVERY EVENING, at 8, ROMEO AND JULIET. Romeo, Mr. Irving; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry; Nurse, Mrs. Stirling; Messrs. Fernandez, Terriss, Johnson, and Dainger, Gustave Rosselle. Followed by (Saturday excepted) JACK AND JILL. Mrs. S. Lane, Miss Adams; Messrs. Steadman, Lewis, Forsyth. Concluding with BITTER COLD. Saturday, ALONE IN THE PIRATE'S LAIR. Wednesday—Peter Johnson's Benefit.

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EPSOM RACES, May 23rd, 24th, 25th, and 26th. LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

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NOTE.—Tickets taken by the South Western Company's Route to Epsom are not available to return by the Brighton Company's Direct Route from the Station on the Race Course.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS, see small bills to be had at London Bridge, Victoria, and Kensington Stations, and at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, also at their City Office, Hays' Agency, Cornhill, where tickets may also be obtained.

The West End Offices will remain open until 10 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, May 22nd to 25th.
(By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY. TOURIST ARRANGEMENTS, 1882. TOURIST TICKETS will be issued to the 31st October, 1882. For particulars, see Time Tables and Programmes, issued by the Company.

JOHN NOBLE, General Manager.
Derby, April, 1882.



THE "JEANNETTE" EXPEDITION

OUR illustrations of this ill-fated Expedition are from sketches by our artist made from details supplied to him by Lieutenant Danenhower, who has also furnished the brief account of the journey and terrible sufferings of the crew, which have appeared in some of the journals. It may be remembered that the *Jeannette* (formerly Sir Allan Young's exploring yacht *Pandora*) was fitted out for Arctic research by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, and started from San Francisco on July 8th, 1879. She was commanded by Lieutenant De Long and five officers of the United States Navy, and carried two scientists, Dr. Raymond L. Newcomb and Mr. Collins, and was manned by twenty-four men. Touching at St. Michael's, Alaska, the ship's complement was increased by forty dogs and two drivers. On August 28th Behring Straits were passed, and East Cape was rounded on the following day; some of the crew landing and making inquiries after Nordenskiöld and the *Vega*. Cruising along the coast to the westward that explorer's winter camp was found, though the only relics left behind were a few cases marked "Stockholm" and some portraits of Swedish professional beauties. Head was then made for Wrangell Land, and on September 6th Lieutenant De Long found what he considered to be the lead between the Siberian and American ice packs, and directing the vessel from the crew's nest entered the pack, where that night they were frozen fast—about twenty miles to the north-west of Herald Island. An attempt was made to reach the island by sledges, but a large stretch of open water was encountered, and, as the ice was drifting, Captain De Long did not venture to send the boats. From this time until July 11th, 1881—twenty-two months in all, the unfortunate explorers lived literally embedded in ice, and in daily peril of their lives. Sometimes by the great pressure of the ice the vessel would heel over, while great masses of ice constantly threatened to crush in the sides of the vessel. Frequently great thundering sounds were heard, and where a moment before all had been smooth and level great mountains of ice would have suddenly arisen. At other times, owing to change of temperature, the ice would suddenly open and vast columns of vapour arise.

In November the ice began to break up, and half the floe split away, leaving the ship cradled upon her starboard bilge. The only thing carried away, however, was an outhouse built on the floe, and curiously enough this portion of the floe, outhouse and all, re-appeared in the neighbourhood of the ship another month later. The *Jeannette* appears then to have got adrift, but in a few days the ice closed in again, and the vessel was once more frozen fast. The pressure of the ice now became harder than ever, and the vessel was only saved by the immense truss by which she was protected. The cabin doors were frequently jammed hard, the deck planking would start from the beams, while the ship's fastenings would crack like rifle shots. At times each man would lie down with his knapsack ready to leave the ship, while dogs and sledges were kept waiting on the ice. Throughout the strictest discipline was maintained on board, and so excellent was the behaviour of the men that there was only one punishment—for profanity. Very little game was obtained, though a few bears were shot. Walrus were scarce, but during the first year seal was obtainable, and furnished the men with both food and clothing. Of course a considerable number of scientific observations were made, Lieutenant Chipp making some curious electrical experiments respecting the disturbance of the galvanometer by the auroras. Lieutenant Danenhower was confined to his cabin for six months with an affection of the eyes, but otherwise the health of officers and crew seems to have been good. In January, 1880, the vessel sprang a leak, and for sixteen months the pumps had to be kept almost constantly at work. On the approach of summer it was hoped that the ice would break up, but it was only found that the floe was quietly drifting back the way it had come the previous winter.

The spring of 1881 found the *Jeannette* drifting once more over the same track, and on July 11th, 1881, came the long-delayed catastrophe. Finding that the vessel was in imminent danger, Captain De Long and his crew forsook the ship. "We were not a moment too soon," stated Lieutenant Danenhower, to the *Standard* correspondent. "Dragging our boats to an adjoining icefloe, we saw the *Jeannette's* last efforts of resistance. Slowly her sides gave way, and a towering mass of ice fell over and buried her from sight for ever. After a terrible struggle, suffering hardships of a nature that no human tongue can tell, we reached open water. Then for one hundred days we continued our journey, keeping our course in the open boats to the south and west, sometimes dragging them over the ice, sometimes wet, always hungry, but still hopeful of reaching land. We had plenty of bad weather. On the night of the 12th of September we had a furious gale, and the three boats were separated. At about dusk the captain stood up in the boat, and made a motion for us to separate. Four days later my boat reached the Siberian coast. . . . Our landing was made near the mouth of the Lena. . . . The three boats in question were commanded by Captain De Long, Lieutenant Danenhower, with Chief Engineer Melville, and Lieutenant Chipp. Captain De Long succeeded in landing at the northern end of the Lena, but not in reaching any inhabited spot, and his body, with those of his companions, have recently been found by Mr. Melville's search party; Lieutenant Chipp's boat was never seen after the gale, and one of our sketches shows it in the distance with the sail being let down, the last glimpse of it which was afforded to the survivors; while Lieutenant Danenhower and his companions managed to reach Boloemga, and were at once taken hospitably in charge of by the Russian authorities, and conveyed to Yakutsk. Mr. Melville at once organised and headed a search party for Captain De Long, but Lieutenant Danenhower and Dr. Newcomb, together with the other survivors, went on to Irkutsk, and thence to St. Petersburg. There they met with the most hospitable reception, being fitted by all circles, and were received, on May 2nd, by the Czar and Czarina. On Wednesday Lieutenant Danenhower, Dr. Newcomb, and their companions arrived at Hull from St. Petersburg, and at once left for Liverpool, on their way back to the United States.—Our portrait of Lieutenant Danenhower represents him in his travelling costume. The Cossack guide is Ivan Alexandrowitch Boschidonoff, of the Yakutsk Regiment, who conducted Lieutenant Danenhower and his companions from Yakutsk to St. Petersburg.

THE CONDITION OF IRELAND

THE search for the assassins of Lord F. Cavendish and Mr. Burke has hitherto been fruitless, and the hope that they may be captured sensibly lessens as day by day passes with nothing more than the temporary arrest of some persons in different parts of the kingdom, who fall under suspicion, but who quickly clear themselves. During the week there have been plenty of startling rumours, but like many others this proved to be without foundation, and at the time we write the police seem to be absolutely without a clue, notwithstanding the fact that ten Irishmen, stowaways on board the steamship *Egypt*, were arrested on Wednesday, just before the vessel started from Liverpool.

On Tuesday, last week, all the red-panelled and public cars and bay horses were paraded in the private police yard behind Dublin Castle, but those who had seen the assassins drive off were unable to identify any of these vehicles. It is perhaps doubtful whether any public car was really employed, for nothing would have been easier than to daub a number upon a private one so as to throw the police on a wrong scent. The Dublin car-drivers, who are naturally indignant at the aspersion upon their character, on Sunday met in large numbers in Phoenix Park to denounce the crime, and repudiate all sympathy or collusion with the assassins. The search in the Liffey, near the Chapelized Bridge, over which the car is said to have been driven, was continued for several days, but was at last abandoned, nothing having been found. A fresh reward of 500*l.* in addition to those noticed last week has now been offered by Lord Spencer for any information within three months leading to the arrest of those who assist the murderers to frustrate the ends of justice, and the same proclamation calls attention to the fact that persons who knowingly harbour or aid them to escape become liable to penal servitude for life. The employment of bloodhounds has been suggested, but the animals would be more likely to follow the bodies of the victims than the route taken by the assassins. A number of spiritualists have sent to the authorities messages regarding the crime which they believe they have received at *séances*; and at Darlington there is a sick, bedridden girl, who declares that she has been (in the spirit) to Dublin, and there seen two of the murderers. It is said that a number of American detectives have been sent over by the Boston Land League to assist in the search. The scene of the murders was on Sunday visited by an immense number of persons.

All the officials at Dublin Castle are now closely guarded by mounted police whenever they move out in the streets. Mr. Clifford Lloyd, in Limerick, has been placed under special police protection, and the same was asserted of Major Bond, who is stationed at Ballinrobe, but he has written denying it, and stating that ever since he has been in Ireland he has been treated by every one with the greatest civility and goodwill.

The Countess Spencer arrived in Dublin on Thursday last week, and was greeted with respectful salutations. Policemen were stationed along the railway to Westland Row, and four armed detectives accompanied the train; whilst in passing through the streets her ladyship was escorted by a troop of dragoons. On Friday the Lord Lieutenant received at the Castle deputations from the Dublin Chamber of Commerce and the Corporation of Belfast, and, in replying to their declarations of sympathy and loyalty, expressed the determination of the Government to maintain and enforce the law, whilst at the same time trying to deal liberally with the arrears and other questions, which appear to retard the restoration of order. Referring to the death of his two "dear friends," he said that though the grief of their relatives was profound, no bitterness had fallen from them, and he then read the following extract from a letter which two days before he had received from Lady Frederick Cavendish: "I should be very glad if there can be any means of letting it be known in Ireland, so as to have some good effect, that I would never grudge the sacrifice of my darling's life if only it leads to the pulling down of the frightful spirit of evil in the land. He would never have grudged it if he could have hoped that his death would do more than his life. There does seem some hope of this, and you are doing all you can to keep down that most dreadful danger of 'Panic and blind vengeance.'" Lady Frederick Cavendish has also written to Mr. A. M. Sullivan expressing the same sentiments, and by her special request Canon Lyttleton, preaching at Hogley, Worcestershire, and the Hon. and Rev. F. R. Grey, preaching at Morpeth last Sunday, asked the prayers of their respective congregations for the pacification of unhappy Ireland as the one result which would comfort her in her infinite sorrow. Her Majesty the Queen, who telegraphed to Miss Burke immediately on hearing of the murders, has since sent to her a letter expressing, in touching terms, her deep and sincere sympathy, and her horror at the dreadful event. Miss Burke and her brother have also received many messages of condolence from public bodies and private persons. A pension of 400*l.* a year has been granted to her.

THE FUNERAL OF LORD FREDERICK CAVENDISH

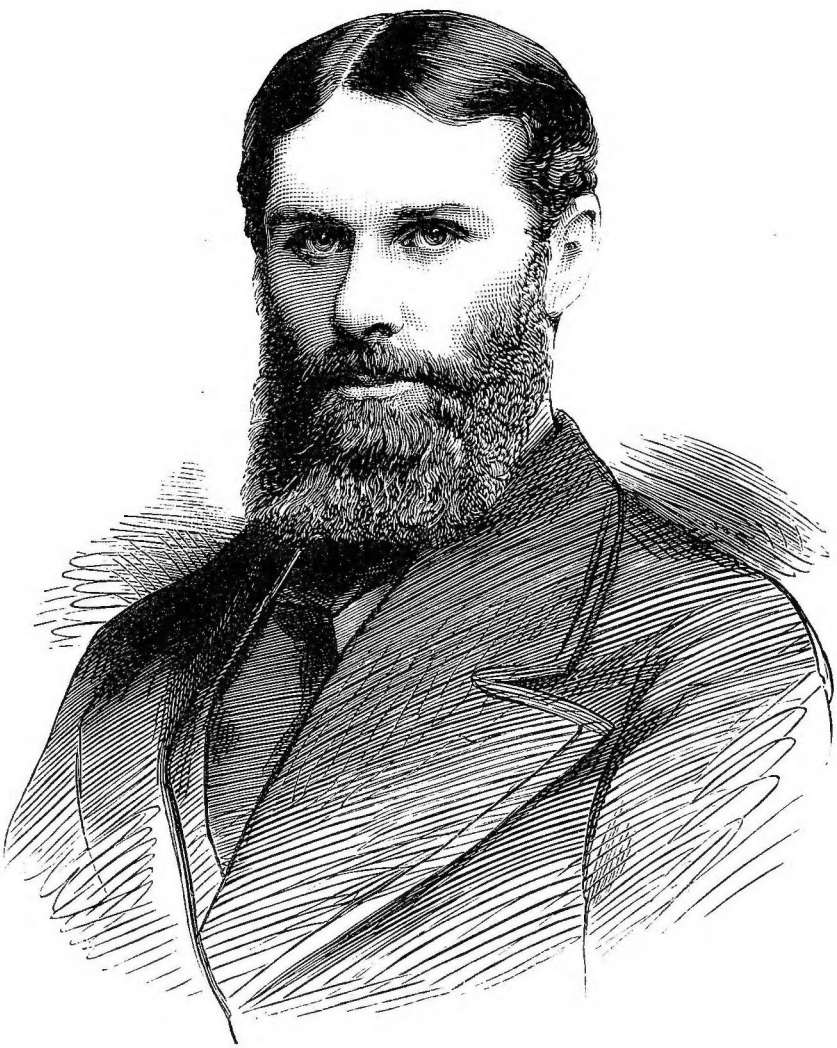
IN the early morning hours of the day before the funeral of Lord Frederick Cavendish, the private chapel at Chatsworth, in which the coffin containing the remains had been deposited, was visited by a number of farmers, labourers, and others of all classes resident in the neighbouring villages, who were anxious to take a last look at the features of the martyred nobleman, and a continuous stream of sorrowing and sympathising guests passed in solemn procession by the coffin between six and eight a.m. During the rest of the day the members of the family and the servants of the house visited the chapel, Lady Frederick Cavendish, the Duke, and Lady Louisa Egerton returning again and again at frequent intervals as they had done on the previous day. On the morning of the funeral the flag on the Hunting Tower floated at half-mast, and not only at Chatsworth House, but throughout the neighbouring villages, the blinds of every window were drawn down, whilst of the 50,000 persons who assembled to witness the funeral scarcely one man, woman, or child appeared without some badge of mourning. At nine o'clock the muffled bell in Edensor church-tower began to toll, and all the members of the family assembled again in the chapel where the remains lay, and where Divine Service was read and the Sacrament administered to them by the Hon. and Rev. Edward Talbot, Master of Keble College, Oxford, brother-in-law of the deceased. At two o'clock the funeral cortege left the north entrance of Chatsworth, the hearse being preceded by two carriages containing the ladies of the family and Mrs. and Miss Gladstone, whilst the rest of the mourners followed on foot, among them being the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Hartington, Lord Edward Cavendish, Admiral Egerton, Major Lyttleton, Mr. Gladstone, and Earl Granville. Lord E. Pelham Clinton represented the Queen, Colonel Kingscote, M.P., the Prince of Wales, and Colonel the Hon. W. Colville the Duke of Edinburgh, whilst behind there came some 300 members of Parliament, and a large number of deputations from political and other societies in different parts of the kingdom, with which the deceased had been connected. Arrived at the church, which had been beautifully decorated with flowers and foliage by the ladies of Edensor, six of the Duke's tenantry bore the coffin into the chancel, and as many of the procession as the church would hold having taken their seats, the first part of the Service was read by the Hon. and Rev. Edward Talbot, assisted by Archdeacon Balston, Canon Humphrey, and the Rev. J. Hall, Vicar of Edensor. The procession being re-formed, the coffin was borne by the six tenants to the grave, where the remainder of the Burial Service was performed in the presence of a vast crowd of sympathising spectators. No pall was used, but the coffin was completely covered with flowers, which hid the simple inscription on the lid—the name of the deceased, with the dates of his birth and death. After the ceremony, the widow dropped upon the coffin the beautiful wreath of roses sent by Her Majesty the Queen, and other ladies also cast flowers in the grave. In many parts of the country, where the late Lord F. Cavendish was personally known, the day was observed as one of mourning, shops being closed, blinds drawn, and church bells tolled.

THE FUNERAL OF MR. BURKE

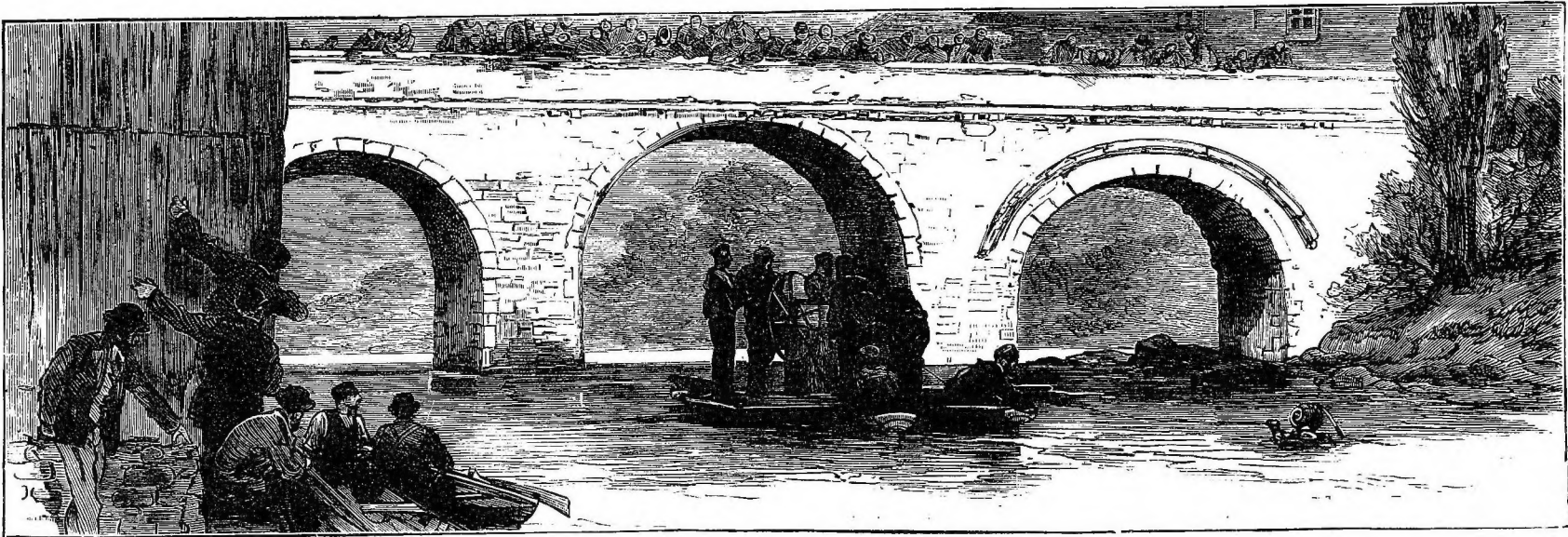
WHICH took place on Tuesday, last week, at Glasnevin (Roman Catholic) Cemetery, was marked with great solemnity and deep sympathy. The hearse was followed by forty-three carriages, containing mourners, and along the route all the shops were closed.



MR. R. G. C. HAMILTON
The New Under Secretary for Ireland.



MR. GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, M.P.
The New Chief Secretary for Ireland.



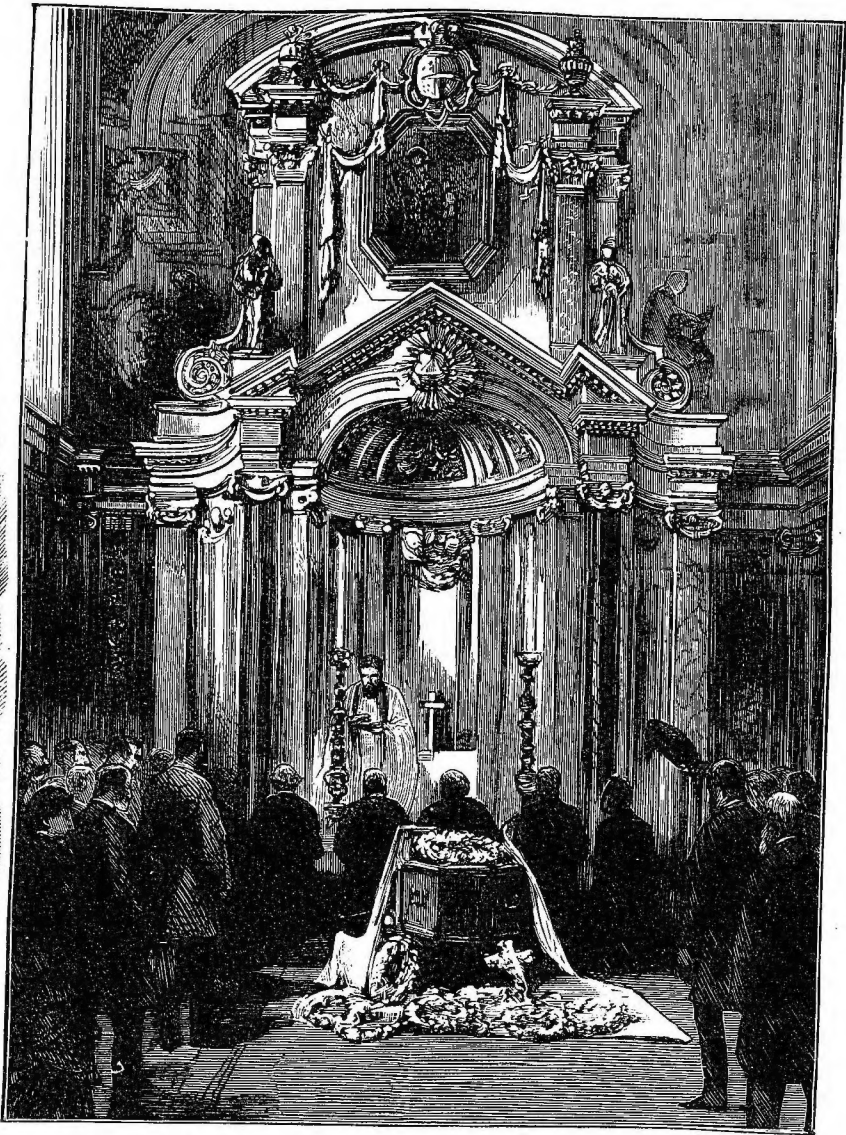
DIVERS AND BLUE JACKETS SEARCHING THE LIFFEY AT CHAPELIZOD BRIDGE



PARADE OF PUBLIC CARS BEFORE THE POLICE IN LOWER CASTLE YARD
THE CONDITION OF IRELAND



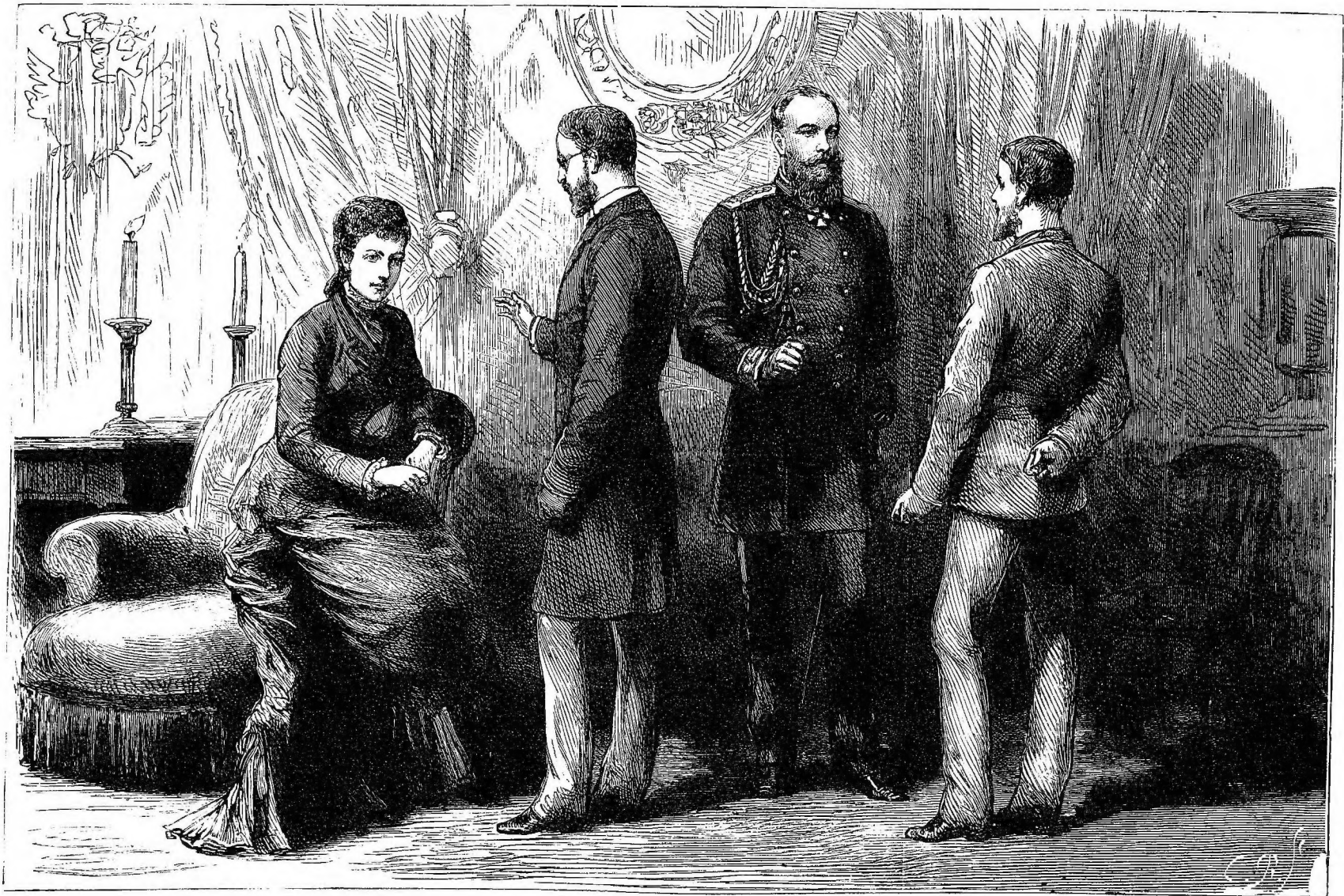
THE LOSS OF THE "JEANNETTE:"
LIEUT. DANENHOWER
(Sketched from Life)



THE FUNERAL OF LORD F. CAVENDISH: ADMINISTRATION OF THE
SACRAMENT IN THE CHAPEL AT CHATSWORTH



THE LOSS OF THE "JEANNETTE:"
THE COSSACK GUIDE
(Sketched from Life)



The Czarina

Lieutenant Danenhower

The Czar

Dr. Newcomb

THE LOSS OF THE "JEANNETTE:" RECEPTION OF LIEUTENANT DANENHOWER AND DR. NEWCOMB BY THE CZAR
OF RUSSIA AT GATSKHINA

and crape hung over the doors, whilst the spectators assembled exhibited every indication of respect and sorrow. The Very Rev. Monsignor Lee, Dean of Dublin, officiated, assisted by the Rev. E. J. Quinn and Rev. W. J. Hurley. The grave, which is situated close to the monumental tomb of O'Connell, was literally covered with bouquets and wreaths.

THE NEW CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND

MR. GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, M.P., who has been nominated to the post of Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in the place of the late Lord Frederick Cavendish, is the only son of Sir Charles Edward Trevelyan, of Wallington, Northumberland, by his marriage with Hannah More, daughter of Mr. Zachary Macaulay, the father of the late Lord Macaulay, who was consequently uncle to the subject of this notice. Born in 1838, he was educated at Harrow, and graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was second in the first class of the Classical Tripos. Mr. Trevelyan sat as M.P. for Tynemouth from 1865 to 1868, since which date he has represented the Hawick district of boroughs. He was a Lord of the Admiralty from 1868 to 1870, and has held the office of Secretary to the Admiralty since November, 1880. Mr. Trevelyan, who is a Deputy-Lieutenant for Northumberland and is author of the well-known biography of his uncle, Lord Macaulay, and also of "The Competition Wallah," "Cawnpore," and other works, married, in 1869, Caroline, daughter of Mr. Robert N. Phillips, of The Park, Manchester. Mr. Trevelyan has been re-elected, without opposition, for the Border Burghs.

The Head Master of Harrow School, addressing the boys a day or two after the appointment was made, observed that the two chief offices in the Government of Ireland had been entrusted to Harrow men, Lord Spencer, one of the Governors, and Mr. Trevelyan, who was head of the school five-and-twenty years before. He felt that the sympathy of all Harrowians, old and new, would be with these two men, who had each accepted a post of honour, which was also undeniably a post of danger.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Alex. Bassano, 72, Piccadilly.

THE NEW UNDER-SECRETARY FOR IRELAND

It is worthy of note that both the new Irish officials are kinsmen of the late Lord Macaulay. Mr. Trevelyan is his nephew, while Mr. Hamilton's grandmother, whose maiden name was Macaulay, was aunt to the celebrated essayist and historian.

Shetlanders are proud of Mr. Hamilton's appointment, for they have watched his career with interest, both for his own sake and for that of his father, the late Rev. Zachary Macaulay Hamilton, D.D., the parish clergyman of the island of Bressay. With the Shetlanders, who are born boatmen, Dr. Hamilton was a great favourite, owing not only to the qualities which he displayed as a divine and as a man, but to his skill and courage as a boatman.

The subject of this notice, Mr. R. G. C. Hamilton, was born in 1836, and in 1855 graduated M.A. at Aberdeen University. Proceeding to London the same year, he entered the Civil Service as a temporary clerk in the War Department, and a few months later went to the Crimea, where he was attached to the Commissariat Department. At the end of the Crimean War he was appointed a junior clerk in the Office of Works. In 1861 he was transferred to the Education Department as Accountant. In 1869 he was appointed Accountant to the Board of Trade, and subsequently Assistant Secretary to that Department. In 1878 Mr. W. H. Smith, then First Lord of the Admiralty, appointed Mr. Hamilton Accountant-General of the Navy, and on the 2nd March last the Earl of Northbrook announced in the House of Lords that he had been appointed Permanent Secretary to the Admiralty, remarking that Mr. Hamilton was "a most distinguished officer, who would be a worthy successor to the many distinguished men who had filled the post." The recent assassinations in Ireland have, however, had the effect of permanently altering the current of Mr. Hamilton's career, and it is a practical proof of the high opinion entertained of him by the Government that they should have offered to him a post at once so responsible and so perilous as that held by the late Mr. Burke.

Besides holding the above posts, Mr. Hamilton has served on many Treasury Committees, and has found time to write a valuable work on book-keeping, and to act as a honorary examiner at the Birkbeck Institute. Mr. Hamilton has been twice married: first, in 1863, to Caroline, daughter of the late Mr. F. A. Geary; and, secondly, in 1877, to Teresa, daughter of the late Major Reynolds, 58th Regiment.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Lombardi and Co., 13, Pall Mall East.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF ALBANY'S WEDDING PRESENTS

THESE magnificent specimens of jewellers' and goldsmiths' work require no description beyond that contained in their respective titles; but we may say that they were sketched at Claremont House by our special artist soon after their removal thither from Windsor Castle, where they and the rest of the wedding gifts had been displayed for inspection.

"MARION FAY"

MR. TROLLOPE'S New Story, illustrated by W. Small, is continued on page 477.

A RIVER EXCURSION IN JAPAN

AMONGST the various novel features which Western civilisation has introduced into Japan is the number of small steamers which have appeared on the various rivers and canals, and the constantly increasing popularity of this mode of travelling causes many an ex-farmer or merchant who has scraped together a few hundred pounds to invest his capital in one of these boats. He then officers his vessel with the husbands of his various feminine relatives, and "runs" her until—if he be unsuccessful—his capital gives out, or until his boiler bursts—both frequent contingencies of this branch of the shipping trade. Steeling himself, however, against all apprehension of this contingency, our artist at Tokio determined to make a short river excursion, and stepping into a *junk* one fine morning, was rapidly driven to the landing-stage, and after taking his ticket for the not exorbitant sum of 2½d., stepped on board at 7 A.M., the advertised time of starting. Punctually at that hour the steam whistle began to blow, whereupon six or eight similar "sirens" from other steamers joined in making a most discordant din.

"At 7.30," he writes, "we ask the Captain when he intends to start, 'Tadama,' he answers (at once). At 8 P.M. we venture to inquire again, when, beetling his brows and looking down sideways, he answers with a smile, 'Perhaps at 9 o'clock'—and still the whistle continues to blow. Rising indignantly we seek the agent in his den, who with many smiles, excuses, and bows, assures us that we shall go in less than ten minutes. And accordingly in ten minutes, amid a chorus of farewell screeches, we are off.

"We twist and twine our way across the river, between the Spanish Armada-looking ships and round the ends of floating wood-rafts, screaming the while at every boat, big or little, which threatens to cross our path.

"Now we come to a bridge, the funnel is lowered, the officers on the housetop 'flop,' and we clear the top by six inches, taking with us not more than half-an-inch of the wooden supports. And here we are in a canal, lined on either side with houses and trees, amongst which we see sometimes a stunted palm, and very often catch a glimpse of bamboo groves, while at a distance here and there we see

a blasted pine. Children tied on each others' backs go bundling along trying to race the steamer, while æsthetic-looking women talk to the mothers, who are suckling their three weeks', or it may be their three-years' old children.

"Then we pass the captain bold of a fishing boat who sits proudly at the tiller, while his bully crew, being out on shore, tow her along by a line made fast to the mast-head. Some queer-looking barges loaded with bags of rice push slowly past, while others bear such a remarkable resemblance to their fellows at home that, when we see one or two of them loaded to the scuppers with bright red bricks, polling their way down towards the capital, we find it somewhat difficult to realise that we are so far away from London.

"Once more we cross a river, pass two other steamers, scream each other out of hearing, and get in sight of our destination, Giotoku, which we reach after a fine run of fourteen miles in two hours.

"The place itself has nothing very interesting about it. So we remain in the tea-house, unpack our provisions, and, aided by rice and tea, make our midday meal, and settle ourselves down to wait till the heat of the day is past to return. We have a bathe in the river, a hot bath, and a cold bath of ice-like water at intervals, until the steamer is again rending the air with deafening screeches. In due time we once more arrive in Tokio."

ROYAL HIGHLANDERS' BALL AT GLASGOW

ON the 19th ult., the officers of the Royal Highlanders (Black Watch, formerly the 42nd) gave a ball in the Music Hall and Assembly Rooms, at which between 800 and 900 persons were present. As the chief honours of the regiment had been won in Egypt, the decorations were Egyptian in their character. The orchestra was screened off by a representation of an Egyptian Temple, with the Nile and Pyramids in the background. At either side of the platform there was a Sphinx, the intervening space being laid out with palms and rhododendrons. Even the waitresses at the buffet were attired in Egyptian costume. The front of the platform was treated with evergreens so as to form a green bank, on which were wrought in white camellias the figures "42." In the eastern wing were laid out the regimental trophies and plate, among which were the inter-regimental trophy recently won by the officers and non-commissioned officers, who proved themselves the best shots in the army, and the gong captured by the regiment during the Indian mutiny. The hourly sounding of this gong from the castle walls is to Glaswegians a familiar acoustic experience. The hall was lighted by the Brush electric system instead of gas, and this enabled natural flowers to be made much use of in the decorations.

"GREAT PAUL"

THE large Bourdon Bell, which is to be hung in St. Paul's Cathedral, is now on its way to London, and, though its progress has been somewhat delayed between Fenny Stratford and Dunstable, may possibly arrive before these lines appear in print. The Midland Railway Company declined the risk of carrying such a monster, and so he goes by road, mounted on a trolley of peculiar construction, and drawn by two traction engines.

In weight "Great Paul" exceeds "Big Ben" by something over three tons, his exact weight being 16 tons 14 cwt. 2 qrs. 19 lb. He is thus nearly as big as the great bells of Olmütz and Vienna, which respectively weigh over seventeen tons. "Great Paul" is made of an alloy of thirteen parts copper to four parts tin. Some twenty tons of molten metal were poured into the mould one day last November, and six days were then allowed for it to cool. The cast-iron outer case was then taken off, the clay mould broken up, and the mighty bell bit by bit exposed to view. Shortly afterwards the tone was satisfactorily tested by Dr. Stainer, organist of St. Paul's, and Mr. F. C. Penrose. The note is E flat. The cost of the bell and of hoisting it into its place in the upper part of the north-west tower of St. Paul's will be about 3,000l., a portion of which has already been contributed. The bell was manufactured at the works of Messrs. John Taylor and Sons, Loughborough.

In March last, in the presence of a distinguished company of campanological enthusiasts, some interesting experiments were made in swinging the bell. The note emitted could be heard at a great distance, yet close at hand was in no wise distressing to the ear, a proof of the purity of its tone. This was the first instance of so big a bell being properly swung. All the big Russian bells are struck, never swung, and the same observation applies to York and Lincoln.

We shall probably next week more fully describe the carriage on which this Jumbo among British big bells is making its journey. It is a complicated and ingenious structure, and was constructed by Messrs. Coles and Mathews, engineers, of Coventry, who have undertaken all responsibility in the removal to London.

It was never expected that anybody would try and steal "Big Paul" on his journey, but he encountered another and an unexpected danger. Numerous persons, desirous of handing their names down to posterity, strove to scratch them on "Great Paul's" skin with knives and chisels, so that he had to be covered up with a tarpaulin. This, however, was removed on entering towns, where police protection could be had, and so thousands of admirers were able to inspect his massive yet elegant form.



THE CONDITION OF IRELAND has again been almost the sole topic of political thought and speech, the unity of opinion with regard to the Dublin murders, and the necessity for putting a stop to such abominable crimes, being in marked contrast to the heated controversy as to the conduct and policy of the Government. The electoral contest in the West Riding has of course been the occasion of much fervid oratory. On Friday Mr. Forster, speaking at Bradford in support of the Liberal candidate, vindicated his own policy, but at the same time said that the confidence of the Liberal party in Mr. Gladstone had not abated, and asked the electors to do what they could to strengthen the Government. On the other side Mr. Lowther has made several speeches, the most forcible being the one delivered on Tuesday, in which he denounced the "Kilmainham Treaty" as the most scandalous that had ever been entered into by an English Government, and declared his belief that under it negotiations were at that moment going on that the Crime Prevention Bill might be whittled and pared down to meet the views of the Irish party and the Radicals.—Lord Salisbury, acknowledging a resolution in regard to Ireland sent to him by the Newtown Working Men's Conservative Club, says that he thinks with them that he is not sanguine that the Government will prevent any further relaxations of the law, and in a letter to the chairman of a meeting at Cheltenham in the horror they express at the crimes committed in Dublin, but also in the close connexion they trace between those crimes and the policy which has caused them.—At the Merchant Taylors' Company's banquet on Wednesday Earl Cairns spoke of the great discovery which had been made in the House of Commons as one which had startled and shocked the minds of all reflecting men; "It is seldom wise to take the advice of an adversary," said that if a vote of want of confidence were proposed on the subject and not

carried, it would add to the self-conceit of the Government, a result of all things to be feared in the present day, for already they were persuaded that whatever they said and thought must be right, and it was hopeless to attempt to deal with them on terms of equality.

CARDINAL MANNING has written to the various Presidents of the Catholic Total Abstinence League of the Cross, postponing the Whit Monday festival, which he says would be out of season at this time, when such deep and universal sorrow, both public and private, is upon England and Ireland.

THE MURDER OF LORD F. CAVENDISH.—The Duke of Devonshire, Lady Frederick Cavendish, and other members of the family, have received numerous messages of sympathy from public and private individuals, and His Grace has written to the papers expressing their grateful thanks for the kindly feeling thus manifested. Replying by letter to an address of condolence adopted by the Senate and Congregation of Cambridge University, he says that it has afforded him no small consolation to remember that his beloved and excellent son perished in the performance of his duty. "He went to Ireland, as I know from his own lips, in the conviction that he ought not to shrink from the acceptance of the post that was offered to him, and in the earnest hope that he might be of service to his country, and now that he has fallen, I pray that it may please Almighty God to overrule this fearful calamity to the restoration of peace and goodwill in Ireland."

MR. BRADLAUGH was on Sunday the chief speaker at a large meeting of the London Radical Working Men's Clubs, the London Trades Council, and other organisations, held in Hyde Park in support of the constitutional rights of Northampton to its full representation in the House of Commons, and to protest against his illegal exclusion from the House. Amid enthusiastic cheering he declared his intention of carrying on the fight in the Law Courts, and in every borough and county election, until there was a decision upon it. If Parliament passed a Bill attainting him, he should have no right to sit in the House, but while he had the common law and statute right of every subject he would insist upon his right at all risks and perils.

THE NEW EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE was to be opened on Thursday by the Duke of Edinburgh, who would afterwards receive an address from the Corporation of Plymouth, and lunch with the Mayor and County Members at the Guildhall.

THE ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION held its annual dinner at Willis's Rooms on Saturday, the chair being taken by Professor Huxley, and the principal toasts being responded to by Sir Frederick Leighton and Sir John Gilbert. The subscription list amounted to 3,342l.

THE NATIONAL SUNDAY LEAGUE began its summer campaign on Sunday last, its band performing for the first time this season in Regent's Park, and some 2,000 persons joining in a railway excursion to Boxhill and Dorking. On the same day the Graphic Gallery and the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists were open, under the auspices of the Sunday Society, the attendance being at the one 465, and at the other 1,664. There were about 2,000 visitors to the Sunday Society's Organ Recitals at the Royal Albert Hall. The Second National Conference of the Sunday Society was held on Wednesday, Viscount Powerscourt presiding.

THE LONDON UNEMPLOYED.—At a conference of clergymen of various Denominations and other gentlemen held in the City on Monday the necessity of helping the unemployed thousands of working men in London was declared to be urgent, and a representative council was appointed to work in conjunction with the already established committee of gentlemen and working men, with the view of promoting an extensive scheme of emigration.

THE LIBRARY AND LITERARY INSTITUTION OF THE GENERAL POST OFFICE, for the benefit of the sorters, letter-carriers, and assistants, seems in a fairly flourishing condition according to the Twenty-First Annual Report. Established in 1849, and reorganised in 1869, this Institution is now supplied with over 200 publications gratis by the publishers and proprietors of newspapers and periodicals, while last year the number of members considerably increased.



THE ambition of making a reputation on the English stage which is so often displayed by foreign actresses is not difficult to understand, when we consider how many foreign performers have mastered the difficulties of our language sufficiently to take a leading position among their English comrades. The names of Madame Celeste and Mr. Fechter will at once occur to the reader, together with those more recent examples, Monsieur Marius, Mlle. Beatrice, and Madame Mojeska. All aspirants of this class, however, are not equally fortunate; and we have had within the last year or two some rather distressing examples of failure on the part of foreign debutantes. To these we fear we must now add the name of Mlle. Borry, a French actress, described as of the Theatre Imperial, St. Petersburg, who made her first appearance on the English stage at the Gaiety Theatre on Tuesday afternoon. Unfortunately the lady had chosen for the occasion an adaptation of a rather diffuse and hyper-sentimental German play of Mosenthal, in which she enacted a character strongly resembling that of the heroine of M. Dumas' *Dame aux Camellias*. Mlle. Borry has a graceful figure, a good voice, and some skill in the arts of the stage; but her performance lacked variety, and was far too uniformly sad and sombre. Altogether, the drama, which bore the title of *Reparation*, afforded but scant entertainment to a rather thin audience.

Mr. Irving's intended appearance in the part of Robert Macaire, announced for Monday afternoon next, has been postponed.

An important meeting of managers and actors was held at the Lyceum Theatre, last week, under the Presidency of Mr. Irving, for the purpose of forming a new association for the relief of distressed actors and actresses. Several associations already exist with this object; but the notion of the new scheme seems to be to rely more on the providence of members and less on extraneous aid. It was resolved that actors and actresses be invited to allow a tax of one penny in the pound to be imposed on their earnings for the benefit of the Fund. The managers of seven important theatres undertook to contribute annually 100l. as long as they are engaged in management in London.

Mr. Arthur à Beckett's touching little drama, entitled *Long Ago*, of the merits of which we spoke on the occasion of its recent production at a morning performance, has now taken a prominent place among the evening's entertainments at the ROYALTY Theatre. Miss Hilda Hilton continues to play the part of the heroine.

THE GRECIAN Theatre in the City Road is to be sold by auction on Monday next.

Mrs. Langtry appears to have made a very successful appearance at Newcastle. Brighton and London are now so closely allied that, in spite of her recent appearances in the former town, we may consider her Newcastle triumphs as a promising commencement of her long round of provincial engagements.

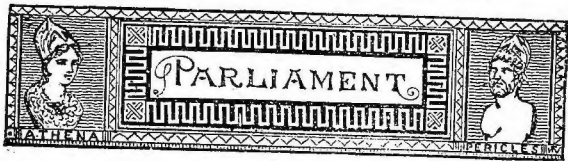
Miss E. Farren's annual benefit will take place on Monday afternoon next at the Gaiety Theatre, where for nearly fourteen

years past this clever actress has been immensely popular. *Pampered Menials* and *Little Fra Diavolo* are the chief items in the programme. There will also be a concert, in which Mr. George Grossmith, Miss Violet Cameron, and Mr. Lionel Brough will take part.

The meeting of the friends of the new School of Dramatic Art at the LYCEUM Theatre on Monday was attended by many distinguished performers, and others interested in the stage. Among the speakers were Mrs. Kendal, Mr. Toole, Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. Boucicault, Mrs. Stirling, and Mr. Sala. Resolutions in favour of the project, and of an appeal to the public for funds were carried unanimously.

Mr. Hollingshead has published Captain Shaw's report on the GAITY Theatre, which proves to be on the whole very favourable. The suggestions made for improvement in case of fire and panic are comparatively trifling, and some of these are shown by Mr. Phipps, the architect, to be of doubtful advantage. Captain Shaw, however, condemns strongly the closing of the doors leading from the theatre into the restaurant, which would have afforded so valuable an additional exit. Mr. Hollingshead had himself vigorously protested against this "closure," which, however, was imperative on the licensing magistrates under the terms of the Act.

At the forthcoming public amateur performances at Sir Percy Shelley's elegant little theatre in Chelsea, Lady Monckton will play the part of the heroine in a hitherto unacted play from her own pen. The piece is an adaptation of Adolphe Belot's drama, *La Vengeance d'un Mari*, and is necessarily of a somewhat sombre cast.



THE House of Commons has had another busy and exciting week. The Prevention of Crime Bill, brought in on Thursday week by the Home Secretary, proved to be a measure which left nothing to be desired in the way of completeness or severity. As was probably anticipated, its introduction was followed by signs of the breaking-up of the compact which Mr. Parnell had entered into with the Government, and since then many new and interesting particulars connected with the Treaty have been brought to light. But it has been clear from the first hour, when Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Kelly, fresh from Kilmainham, denied having had any hand in the negotiations (Mr. Sexton, as representative of the outside contingent, taking the same course), that Mr. Parnell had in this matter acted with autocratic independence, and had done what Mr. Healy declared was impossible—namely, had "undertaken that one man should make a compromise for a nation."

Mr. Parnell's rule over the party, many of whom are indebted to his nomination for their means of livelihood, has always been of a contemptuously tyrannical kind. He has occasionally gone through the form of consultation with his colleagues; but, practically, he follows the bent of his own inclinations, coming and going as he pleases, speaking when he is not expected to interpose in debate, and refraining from saying anything when his coming forward is looked for. In this spirit he had entered into negotiations with the Government, and had undertaken that, in the event of certain legislation being pushed forward, he and his friends would not only assist in maintaining law and order in Ireland, but would "cordially co-operate for the furtherance of Liberal principles."

When on Thursday night Sir William Harcourt, in a laboured speech, set forth the provisions of the Prevention of Crime Bill it seemed, to use a homely phrase, suggested by the situation and the furious fizzle in the Irish quarter, that "all the fat was in the fire." Mr. Parnell sprang up in that white heat of passion with which the House was more familiar before long parliamentary practice had enabled him to hold his passion in firmer grip. Mr. Dillon angrily denounced the measure, and Mr. Healy, who has rather a fancy for his own sarcastic manner, clumsily satirised it. On Friday the gathering cloud was a little lightened by the announcement from Mr. Gladstone that on Monday the Arrears Bill would be brought in. On Monday there was a large gathering to hear the exposition of this latest of a long series of efforts to grapple with the ills and wrongs of Ireland. But before Irish business was again taken up a few hours were filched for other portions of the Empire. It is noted as a matter significant in the present chequered state of politics that, whilst abandoning all other measures, the Government insist upon pressing forward the Corrupt Practices Bill and the renewal of the Ballot Act. Both measures it is felt desirable to add to the Statute Book before a general election takes place. Mr. Gladstone, with the airy sanguineness which belies his seventy years, spoke on Friday of taking the Corrupt Practices Bill and the Ballot Bill in Committee, and thereafter, at some not too far advanced hour of the night, making a statement on introducing the Arrears Bill. There were possibly peaceable times in parliamentary history when this would not have seemed a hopeless forecast of a night's work. Now the House gently smiled, and wondered whether the nett result would not be the inconvenience of hearing an important statement made at midnight, with no countervailing advantage of work accomplished.

Things turned out a little better than was expected. Of course, the Ballot Bill was not reached, nor was the Corrupt Practices Bill passed through Committee. But in the absence of the Irish members, and in the midst of the prevailing inclination to make the measure a workable one, the House got as far as the 5th Clause before progress was reported, in order to make way for the Ministerial statement.

It was now close upon midnight, an hour when most business assemblies in the world would have been winding up their work instead of beginning it afresh. But Mr. Gladstone showed no signs of fatigue, nor was there any lack of interest along the crowded benches. The Premier has two oratorical manners. One is the elaborately obscure, and the other is marked by the simplicity which comes from a perfect command of language. The first style was illustrated in the debate on Mr. Redmond's Land Bill, when nobody quite knew what the Premier meant when he resumed his seat after something like an hour's discourse. The other was aptly illustrated on Monday night. He evidently felt that the hour was not suitable for long-winded orations, nor was there now any need for veiling the Government intentions, which on that memorable Wednesday, it was now clearly seen, were in a state of remarkable transition. In a speech that just went over half an hour the Premier explained that the Bill proposed to establish a state of things that should divide the responsibilities for arrears into three classes. The tenant shall pay one year's rent; the Government shall pay a maximum sum equal to one year's rent; and the landlord, grateful for this unexpected cash in hand, must forego the balance of his account.

The Bill was received enthusiastically on the Land League Benches, and well it might be, being, with the exception of some unimportant details, precisely the proposal put forward by Mr. Redmond on behalf of the Irish members, and then meeting with the entire approval of the representatives of Ireland, whether Parnellites or Shawites.

Irish politics. Early in the sitting, fresh curiosity being shown on the Conservative Benches for a sight of that "documentary evidence" on which the new departure of the Government was founded, Mr. Parnell rose, and read a letter which he had addressed to Mr. O'Shea from Kilmainham on the 18th of April, and which set forth that, in the event of the Government dealing with the arrears question, amending the Purchase Clauses of the Land Act, and refraining from renewing the Coercion Act, Mr. Parnell and his friends would be able to make exertions which would be effectual in stopping outrages and intimidation of all kinds. Whilst the House was considering this letter, Mr. Forster rose, and, in a significant manner, asked whether the whole of the letter had been read. It then turned out, to the huge delight of the Opposition, that there had been omitted, ingeniously rather than ingenuously, a sentence standing in the middle of the last paragraph, in which Mr. Parnell added that the accomplishment of the programme would enable him and his friends to co-operate cordially with the Liberal party in forwarding Liberal principles.

How it came to pass that the sentence should have been left out is a matter for private explanation. The effect of this strategy upon the House naturally was even unduly to increase the importance of the expurgated passage, and at one o'clock in the morning Mr. O'Shea found it necessary to rise, and set forth in detail the curious history of this negotiation. Here, again, Mr. Forster, who seemed to go about armed with opportune documents, produced a memorandum of a conversation with Mr. O'Shea, the reading of which conveyed to a number of members the impression that of the Cabinet as lately constituted Mr. Forster was not only the only wise, but the single honest man.

The debate was carried far into Tuesday morning, and was brought up again when the House met at two o'clock—first, by a question put by Sir Stafford Northcote, and subsequently on a motion for adjournment by Mr. Balfour. Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Chamberlain made speeches in further explanation of the affair, whilst Mr. O'Shea, fastening himself upon Mr. Forster, made some severe remarks on the right hon. gentleman dealing with private conversations and confidential documents. Mr. O'Shea was brief, explaining that he did not think it necessary to waste more words upon "a right honourable gentleman who was disloyal to his old friends and malignant to his old enemies"—a way of putting it much applauded on the Liberal Benches, where Mr. Forster still sits.

Amid this blaze of personal questions the Arrears Bill was temporarily forgotten, nor is it likely to make further progress on this side of Whitsuntide. The House on Thursday returned to the Prevention of Crime Bill, at which it will stick till the Bill is passed into law.

GREAT PAUL

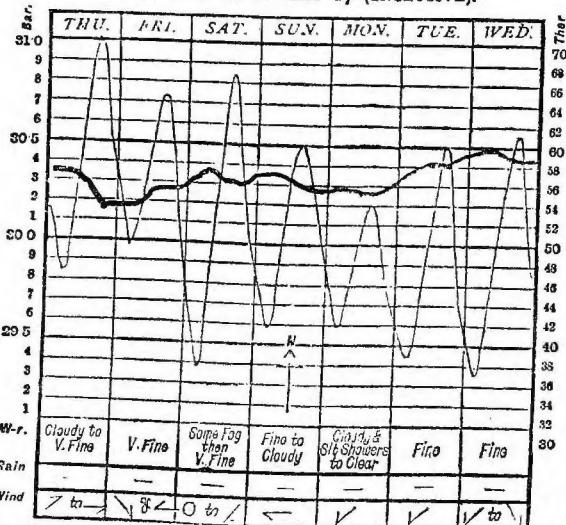
Hoist him! hoist him! hoist him on high!
Be ready with pulley and wheel and crane!
Hoist him! hoist him! hoist him on high!
Be ready with ladder and rope and chain!
Up with him, up with him, up with him still;
Higher yet, higher yet, work with a will;
Up to the belfry, and there let him hang
To awaken the world with his wonderful clang;
Through the streets and the lanes of the City around,
The boom of Great Paul on the breeze shall sound.
Hoist him! hoist him! hoist him on high!
From thence shall he send forth his mighty note;
Hoist him! hoist him! hoist him on high!
O'er wharf and o'er warehouse his tones shall float;
Over the river borne out on the gale,
Greeting the ships as from ocean they sail,
Pealing aloud at the first flush of light,
Or solemnly sounding in stillness of night,
Ringing out o'er the town to the country around,
The boom of Great Paul on the breeze shall sound.

Ages shall rise and fade away;
Old men and children, grave and gay,
Shall pass the belfry day by day;
The time shall sweep by as the breath of the blast,
On the swift-flowing river To-Day shall be cast,
To-Morrow be lost in the long-vanished past;
But ever as now, with their smiles and their tears,
Their joys and their sorrows, their hopes and their fears,
Shall the crowds come and go through the fast fleeting years;
And still to the multitudes gathered around,
The boom of Great Paul on the breeze shall sound.
Hoist him! hoist him! hoist him on high!

ALFRED CHARLES JEWITT

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM MAY 11 TO MAY 17 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the whole of the past week has been fine and quiet in the extreme, the only important change in pressure which has occurred being the gradual transference of an area of high barometer readings from France to our northern coasts. At the beginning of the week, when the anti-cyclone lay over France, our winds were light from the westward, and temperature was rather high, the maximum on Thursday (11th inst.) reaching 70° in the shade. During the latter part of the time, however, easterly winds have prevailed, and temperature has been low for the time of year, the coldest day of all being all day. On Tuesday morning (16th inst.) there was a slight frost on the ground. A few slight showers fell on Monday (15th inst.), but with this exception the weather has been dry throughout the week. The barometer was highest (30.48 inches) on Tuesday (15th inst.); lowest (30.17 inches) on Thursday (17th inst.); range, 0.31 inches. Temperature was highest (70°) on Thursday (17th inst.); lowest (37°) on Wednesday (17th inst.); range, 33°. No measurable quantity of rain has fallen.



THE MECHI FUND has been wound up, and the amount collected—5,000l.—has been invested for the benefit of Mrs. Mechi and family.

THE FIRST LACUSTRINE RELIC ever met with in Switzerland at a high elevation has been found near Bex, 4,000 feet above the sea-level,—a large canoe in excellent preservation.

ROBBERIES IN JAPAN appear to be carried out very politely. A band of fourteen natives recently entered an ironfoundry at Osaka, and carried off a considerable sum of money, while before leaving they told the watchmen, whom they had overpowered and securely tied up, that they were true patriots, and were going to Tokio on a great enterprise, but being short of funds were compelled to borrow the money, which they would duly refund when their aim was accomplished.

MR. EDWIN LONG, R.A.'s, PICTURE OF THE "BABYLONIAN MARRIAGE MARKET" was sold at Christie's on Saturday for the largest sum ever publicly offered for a picture during the lifetime of a painter—6,615l. The same artist's "Expulsion of the Gypsies from Spain" fetched 4,305l., and an unfinished picture of "The Church Porch," by the late J. Phillip, R.A., 3,937l., while it is curious to note that Sir Edwin Landseer's well-known "Poachers Deerstalking" had so far declined in value as to realise only 840l.

HERR WAGNER IS IN A DILEMMA respecting the first performance of his *Parsifal*, which was to have been given before a few of his elect disciples. Now, however, King Louis of Bavaria wishes to be the first to hear the new opera, and as His Majesty's habit is to object to any spectator but himself, poor Herr Wagner must either grievously disappoint his friends, or else hoax his Royal patron by following the expedient adopted on the first production of the *Nibelungen*, when a few chosen spectators were seated in a gallery immediately above the Royal box, the theatre being thus apparently empty, according to the Royal whim. One reason for not offending the King just now is that he has promised to be one of the witnesses at the wedding of Herr Wagner's step-daughter.

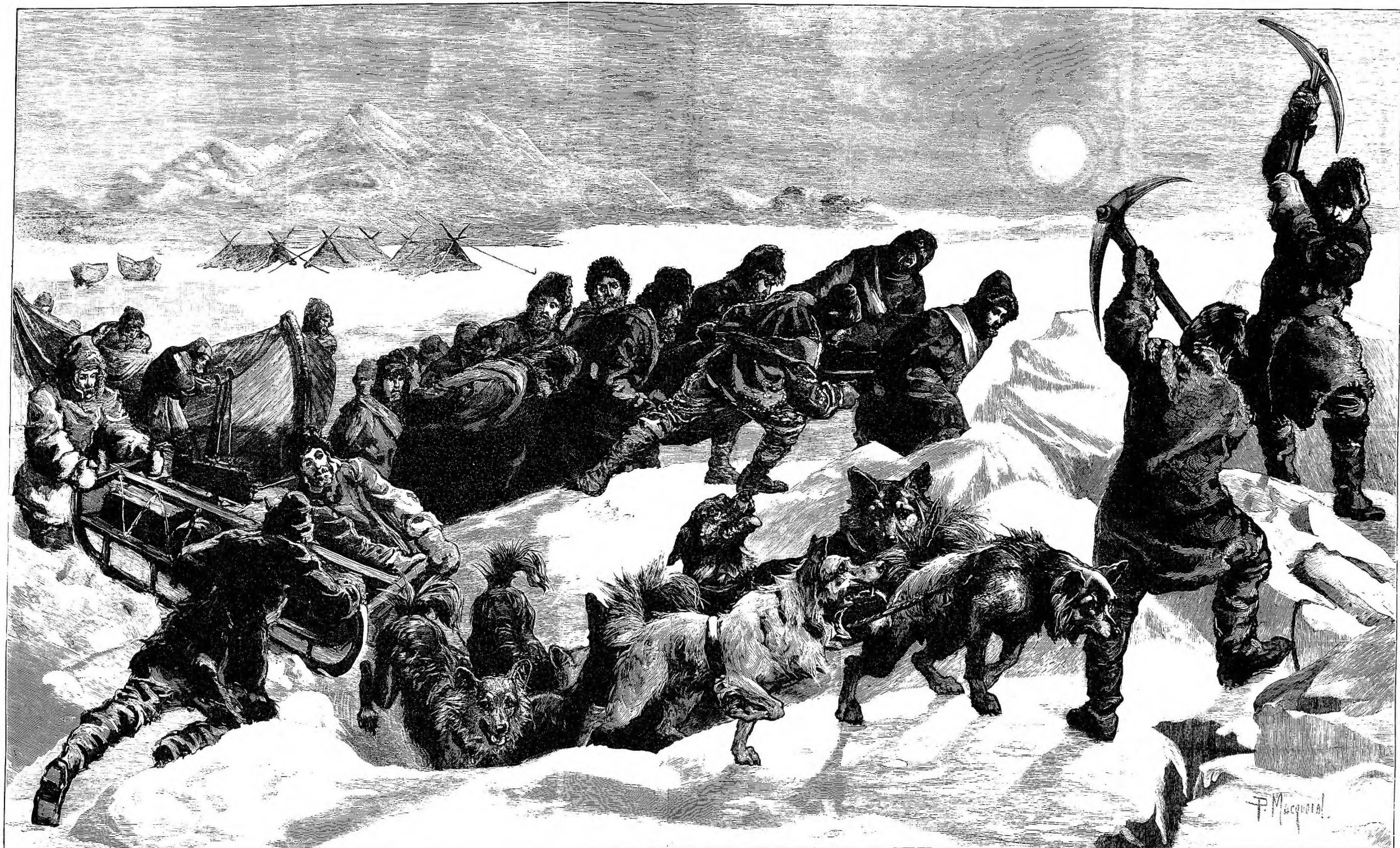
ROYAL AUTHORS are numerous in the present day, while even in exclusive Spain Royalty does not scruple to compete in the sphere of art. Thus King Alphonso's two sisters, the Infantas Paz and Eulalia, have contributed to the Water Colour Exhibition at Barcelona. The artistic achievements of the British Royal Family are well known, while at Berlin the Princess Frederick Charles is as frequent an exhibitor as the Crown Princess. The latter's son-in-law, the Hereditary Prince of Meiningen, is a composer of considerable merit, like Prince Albert of Prussia, while it may be remarked that four of the favourite German military marches are of Royal origin, having been composed by Frederick II., Frederick William III., Princess Louise and Prince Charles of Prussia, and the present Empress Augusta.

THE PREDOMINANCE OF FOREIGN WORKS in this year's Paris Salon has caused considerable jealousy among French artists, who complain that one-fifth of the paintings now hung at the Palais de l'Industrie are by strangers, and declare that it is necessary that some check should be put on similar contributions in the future. Another fertile source of discontent is the bad hanging of the pictures, and while one artist suggests that any painter dissatisfied with the position of his work should be allowed to remove it two days before the opening, another proposes that all pictures should be placed alike on the line, even at the necessity of limiting each painter to one contribution, and reducing the total number of works received. Altogether the management of the Salon by private, instead of Government, control, does not seem to give the complete satisfaction expected. Meanwhile the Managing Committee of the Salon have decided to hold a retrospective Exhibition next year to commemorate the first centenary of the Salon, the history of the Art of the century being illustrated by the best works of the artists who have flourished during that period.

JUMBO has proved such an attraction in New York that Mr. Barnum reckons his acquisition as one of the three great successes of his life, the other two being Tom Thumb and Jenny Lind. The crowds assembled to greet Jumbo reminded Mr. Barnum of the gathering of exactly thirty years before, when he went down to the harbour to meet the great songstress; but, alas for the public taste, the receipts of the exhibition of Jumbo during the first six weeks are already half as much as the sums paid to hear Jenny Lind during her whole tour. Talking of elephants, the old favourite of the Paris Jardin des Plantes, "Bangkouck," whose illness we mentioned last week, has just died. "Bangkouck" was about twenty-five years old, having been presented to the garden by the King of Siam in 1862, when quite a youngster. He showed the first signs of sickness early in the year, being impatient, unwilling to see anybody, and losing his appetite. About the middle of last month he lay down and refused to get up, and for four days before his death lay so motionless that he was thought dead, until a heavy sigh proved the contrary. He has now been dissected, and his widow, "Ajuna," does not seem to feel her loss severely.

LONDON MORTALITY continues to decrease, and 1,433 deaths were registered last week against 1,495 during the previous seven days, a decline of 62, being 112 below the average, and at the rate of 19.2 per 1,000. These deaths included 10 from small-pox (a decrease of 3), 47 from measles (a decline of 7), 26 from scarlet-fever (a decline of 1), 13 from diphtheria (a decrease of 1), 124 from whooping-cough (a fall of 1), 7 from enteric fever (a fall of 3), 1 from an ill-defined form of fever, 14 from diarrhoea (a decline of 4). Deaths referring to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 261 (a fall of 21, and 57 below the average), of which 144 were attributed to bronchitis and 69 to pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 58 deaths, 45 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 25 from fractures, and 1 of a house-painter from lead poisoning. There were 2,569 births registered against 2,740 during the previous week, a decline of 179, being 52 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 53.7 deg., or 2.5 deg. above the average.

SAMARITAN FREE HOSPITAL.—The festival dinner of this institution was held at Willis's Rooms on Tuesday last, the Duke of St. Alban's presiding. Founded in 1847, it has ever since been carrying on a great and important work on behalf of suffering women and children. Its usefulness deserves to become widely known, for it is a free hospital, always open to the reception of poor women suffering from diseases peculiar to their sex. It has been the first institution in this country to grapple with a very serious disease peculiar to women, so that while in 1868 the percentage of deaths was 27, last year it had fallen to 10 in the 100. Poor children, whose wretched homes afford them no chance of recovery, are here admitted in large numbers. A year's work comprises 6,334 cases treated amongst the very poor, and from first to last 248,764. It requires a sum of 5,000l. a year to keep the establishment going, and this must be raised by voluntary subscriptions. Those amongst our readers who are disposed to help, and wish to know more of the details than our space permits, are recommended to apply to the Secretary, Mr. William Scudamore, on the premises, Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square, W., for the interesting Annual Report.



THE LOSS OF THE "JEANNETTE:" ON THE MARCH AFTER LEAVING THE SHIP-BREAKING UP CAMP

DRAWN FROM MINUTE DESCRIPTIONS BY LIEUTENANT DANENHOWER



THE CRISIS IN EGYPT has been absorbing all political circles in Europe, and the joint action of England and France in coming to a prompt agreement on the steps to be taken to repress disorder, together with the despatch of a combined squadron to Alexandria, has up to the present met with the complete approval of the other Powers. There is a sort of tacit understanding that England and France have the greatest stake in Egypt, and that while all Europe should have a word to say in the final settlement of the question the two Western Powers should take the initiative in restoring the country to a state of order and tranquillity. Lord Granville and M. de Freycinet seem to have had little difficulty in coming to an understanding with regard to the steps to be taken, even in the event of Egypt falling prey to open insurrection. At first M. de Freycinet objected to any form whatever of Turkish intervention, but he was induced to modify his views, and it appears now that, should the naval demonstration fail of its effect, the Turks are to be called in to act as police, under the supervision and control of British and French officers. Should this, again, prove an ineffectual remedy, a modified form of English and French occupation appears to have been agreed upon. To resume the thread of events. Upon the news that Arabi Pasha had convened the Chambers unconstitutionally, England and France at once decided to despatch a squadron of six vessels to Alexandria, and communicated their decision to the Powers and the Porte, the latter, as is its custom, making a feeble remonstrance, declaring that there was no necessity for such a step. In Egypt itself, moreover, the high-handed policy of Arabi Pasha was by no means as popular as he had anticipated, and the unexpected firmness of the Khedive in rejecting all overtures and staunchly maintaining his prerogative, together with the attitude of the Porte and Foreign Powers, produced a strong reaction in favour of Tewfik and the existing régime. The Chamber of Notables, by a majority of 266 against 9, declined to be convened illegally, whereupon Arabi Pasha exclaimed, "Then we shall have civil war." Notwithstanding this declaration, however, he still temporised, and, finding himself completely isolated, employed Sultan Pasha, the President of the Chamber, to mediate between the Cabinet and the Khedive. The Khedive at first declined to treat with "rebels," and demanded their resignation, but ultimately consented to a compromise, by which the Premier, Mahmoud Pasha, would be superseded by Fehmy Pasha. The latter, however, refused to take office, alleging that his life would be in danger, and so, the deadlock remaining, the English and French Consuls visited Arabi, and told him that they held him personally responsible for all disorder. To this he replied that he could not be so if he were displaced, or if the squadron anchored in Egyptian waters. The Consuls then went to the Khedive, and finally persuaded him to renew—temporarily at least—relations with the Cabinet, as, when the squadron arrived, and negotiations were commenced, there must be a responsible Ministry with whom to treat. The Consuls were all the more anxious for some arrangement to be made, as Arabi had threatened that, if some solution were not found to the difficulty, on Tuesday he would order the troops to Alexandria, and oppose the entry of the squadron. The Khedive ultimately consented, and in the evening the Ministers were received in audience, and showed the most unqualified signs of submission, Arabi kissing the hands and feet of the Khedive, who, however, maintained an attitude of the most frigid courtesy.

Meanwhile, Arabi has summoned all the military reserves to appear in Cairo within four days; but the various sheiks are not showing any alacrity in answering his appeal, and it is manifest that, with the exception of the newly-appointed officers, and a certain section of the soldiery who hope for promotion, he now has few adherents, though those few are sufficiently strong to work much disorder. The Bedouins, too, who are attached to the Khedive, have offered their assistance in case of need; and a cavalcade of fifty chiefs, brilliantly accoutred and well armed, each of whom can put a hundred followers in the field, rode ostentatiously through the streets of Cairo some days since. The Anglo-French squadron arrived at Alexandria on Wednesday, Admiral Seymour and the French commander having joined forces in Suda Bay.

As we have said, Continental opinion on the Anglo-French action is mainly favourable. In France the *entente* with England is looked upon with great satisfaction, though some doubt is expressed whether England will venture to undertake the extreme measures which the French are generally credited with being prepared to adopt. In his speech last week M. de Freycinet commented warmly on the concert with England, declaring that "the agreement has always been complete, and on our side and also, I believe, on that of England, there is a sincere desire for its continuation. If it were broken the general line of our policy would be jeopardised." Some surprise was caused on this side of the Channel by his assuming for France "preponderating influence" in Egypt, but on inquiry from Lord Granville he explained that he meant the preponderating influence of England and France—an explanation doubtless very courteous and soothing to our wounded dignity, but not in the least consonant with the context of his speech, in which he attributes that "preponderating influence" to the presence of a French colony "which worthily upholds the flag of our nation."

FRANCE has been so busily occupied with Egyptian affairs that there is very little home news to record—the chief incident being the election of the eight Presbyterian Councils of the French Protestant Church in Paris. In 1860 Napoleon III.'s Government, pushing its Imperialism into the bosom of the Reformed Church, centralised the eight parishes into which Paris was then divided, and enacted that not only every candidate for the Council must sign a dogmatic declaration of faith, but that every member of the Church who wished to take part in the Church elections must render himself similarly orthodox. Ever since, the so-called Orthodox party have wholly governed the Church, the Liberal section taking no part whatever. Recently, however, the Council of State declared this electoral test illegal, and later on M. Paul Bert, during his brief tenure of office, sanctioned a plan by which the eight congregations were once more permitted each to elect its own Council, and without any electoral test whatever. The result has been, that in the great Oratoire district the Liberals, as before 1860, have gained the day, while in the outlying districts the Orthodox party still reigns supreme. In the Chamber there has been little doing save the introduction of a Workmen's Injury Bill, which throws upon the master the onus of proving that a workman is injured by a fault of his own. Hitherto this has been assumed, and the workman, when he wished to obtain compensation, has been compelled to prove otherwise. The English engine-drivers who went over to Paris to attend the Grisel banquet have been received by M. Grévy, M. Victor Hugo, and M. Gambetta, the latter of whom, speaking of *Scrutin de liste*, declared that he was persuaded that it was the only system which enabled working men to be efficaciously represented in Parliament. "France would have it yet." The Irish question still continues to be actively discussed, and the new Repression of Crime Bill meets with general favourable comment. The *République Française* has been once more regretting the lapse of the Anglo-French Treaty of

Commerce, which terminated on Monday—England now being simply on the same terms as the "most favoured nation."

In PARIS an interesting International Gallery of Pictures has been opened. England is represented by Mr. Millais, who sends his "Young Days of Walter Raleigh" and portraits of Mrs. Jopling and Mrs. Perugini, and Mr. Alma Tadema, who sends the "Baiser d'Adieu" and three portraits. France is represented by MM. Jules Dupré, H. N. Gérôme, and Baudry, Germany by Mentzel and Kraus, Holland by Israels, Belgium by Stevens, Italy by De Nittis, Spain by Madrazo, Austria by Edouard Charlemont, Sweden by Wahlberg, and Russia by Alexis Bogoluboff and Vyvan Pokitonor. There have been two dramatic novelties, a pretty little one-act versical comedy at the Théâtre Français by M. Philippe de Massa, and a highly amusing comedy, *La Brûlée Égarée*, at Palais Royal, by MM. Eugène Granger and Victor Bernard.

GERMANY.—The Hygienic Exhibition at Berlin, which was to have been opened by the Crown Prince on Monday, was totally destroyed by fire on Friday week. The building was of wood, and burnt like so much tinder, none of its valuable contents being saved. The utmost sympathy has been expressed by the Royal Family, and, indeed, by all classes, for the promoters, who, however, are not discouraged, and have decided upon attempting to carry out the enterprise later in the present year if possible, and if not then, during next spring. A fireproof and not a wooden building will be erected.

Prince Bismarck is ill in bed with neuralgia, and politics are proportionately quiet. The Reichstag has been discussing the Tobacco Monopoly and the Workmen's Insurance measures, but will probably be shortly adjourned, as most of its office bearers have accepted the invitation to attend the opening of the St. Gothard Railway.

In SWITZERLAND the forthcoming festivities in honour of the inauguration of the St. Gothard Tunnel form the all-absorbing theme. They were to begin on Sunday by a reception of the Swiss, German, and Italian guests. Next day there will be an excursion up the Righi, and a reception and banquet, followed by the inevitable fireworks. On Tuesday the inaugurative journey will be made through the tunnel to Milan, when more festivities will take place on the following day; while on Thursday the party will return to Lucerne.

AUSTRIA.—The trial of the officials accused of having caused the Ring Theatre disaster by their negligence has resulted in the acquittal of the ex-Burgomaster, Herr von Newald, the Police Inspector, and the Fire Brigade officials. Herr Jauner, the manager, was found guilty of defective superintendence, in not supplying the lamps, and not properly employing his subordinates, and sentenced to four months' simple arrest. Franz Geringer, the house inspector, and Joseph Nitsche, the machinery foreman, were sentenced to four and eight months strict imprisonment respectively. The three prisoners will also have to pay 6,000 florins for compensation to the relatives of the killed, and other actions are pending. There is little political news. M. de Szlavy is still acting as Minister of War, a successor not having been found to replace him, and there have been further skirmishes in the disaffected provinces with various hands of rebels, who, however, have been ultimately dispersed. Thousands of Russian-Jewish refugees are crossing the frontier, and at Brody alone 7,200 were counted last week. A camp has been formed, and as much as possible is being done to relieve the poor creatures and forward them to London.

INDIA.—The Burmese Mission continues to attract considerable attention, all the more so as further reports of barbarities come from Mandalay. It is believed that the object of the Ambassadors is to obtain unrestricted liberty to import arms and ammunition, while another important question is the re-establishment of a British Resident at Mandalay.

On the 6th inst., the Bronze Stars were presented with considerable ceremony to those men of the 72nd Highlanders who had taken part in General Roberts's famous march from Cabul to Candahar.—The Hindoo widows are petitioning the Queen for relief against the caste excommunication which now follows upon their remarriage.

THE UNITED STATES.—The Irish in the States are holding meetings to denounce Mr. Gladstone and his Repression Bill; and, at a great mass meeting on Friday night to express detestation of the Dublin assassinations, the O'Donovan Rossa faction showed up in force, and carried a resolution to the effect that "while it may be expedient to express regret for slaying Lord F. Cavendish and Mr. Burke, we Irish exiles in New York express our great regret that England should still continue her old-time practice of murdering the Irish by buckshot, bayonet, and starvation. That it is deemed more becoming we should express our sympathy with Gladstone's murdered victims of eviction than by pandering to the wishes of the Lord Norths of to-day, who are worthy descendants of the butchers of the Wyoming and Cherry Valley massacres in America, and Drogheda and Wexford in the land of our birth." Other meetings have been even more outspoken, the assassinations being euphemistically termed "executions;" but it is only fair to the Americans to say that, with the exception of the extreme Irish faction, the whole Press vigorously denounces the conduct of the Irish Fenians, whom the *New York Herald* terms "vagabonds and outlaws, who make their living by trafficking in the degradation of their country." The Government is also doing its best to prevent the assassins from landing in the country, and all steamers arriving from England are strictly searched.

MISCELLANEOUS.—From ITALY we hear that Cardinal M'Cabe is the bearer of propositions direct from the Pope to Lord Granville concerning diplomatic relations between the Vatican and England, and it is stated that orders may possibly be issued to all the Bishops in Ireland desiring them to publish Pastoral Letters condemning the atrocities, and warning the people against evil counsellors.—In TURKEY, the Porte has verbally recognised the justice of Lord Dufferin's contention with regard to the counter-charges brought against Captain Grenfell and the seaman Moore in connection with the murder of Captain Selby.—In SPAIN there has been a rising in Catalonia, which was, however, ultimately dispersed by the military.—From RUSSIA is reported the death of General Kaufmann, the leader of the Khivan campaign, and Governor-General of Turkestan. The Anti-Semitic campaign is now assuming very serious proportions, and so large is the Jewish exodus, that commercial circles are complaining loudly about the difficulty now experienced in transacting business, and of the mistrust produced abroad. The direct pecuniary loss to the Empire is also reckoned as considerable, the 5,400 families who emigrated last year, and the 228,000 families and 32,000 men who have emigrated this year having carried away sums estimated at a total of not less than 22,000,000*l.*

THE COLOURED RACE IN THE UNITED STATES is giving place very rapidly to the white man, according to recent statistics. More particularly is this the case in Georgia, where, during 1880, the percentage of mortality among the whites was 19.85 per 1,000, while that among coloured people rose to 45.47 per 1,000.

THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN on Tuesday was successfully observed in Egypt by the British, French, and Italian astronomers. A fine comet was discovered close to the sun and photographed. A series of good photographs were also obtained of the Corona, and for the first time of the spectrum of the Corona. The spectroscopic and eye observations just before and during the period of totality gave the most valuable results, and the French observers state that they found indications of a lunar atmosphere.



THE Queen and the Princess Beatrice returned to Windsor Castle from town at the end of last week. On Saturday, Her Majesty decorated with the Victoria Cross and distinguished conduct medals Lieut. Alan Hill and eight non-commissioned officers and privates, for gallantry during the recent campaigns in Zululand and the Transvaal, the Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, receiving the soldiers in the East Corridor of the Castle and herself pinning on the decorations, saying a few words to each man. Later, the Duke and Duchess of Albany arrived on a visit, and next morning Her Majesty, with the Princess Beatrice and the Duke and Duchess, attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where the Dean of Peterborough preached the sermon. Princess Christian visited the Queen in the afternoon, and the Princess Louise arrived on a visit. On Monday the Duke and Duchess of Albany received a congratulatory address on their marriage from the Military Knights of Windsor, and Prince and Princess Christian dined with Her Majesty. Princess Louise left the Castle on Tuesday, and the Duke of Albany came up to town to preside at the anniversary dinner of the Samaritan Free Hospital; while the Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Connaught, went to Aldershot to inspect the troops. The Duke of Connaught joined in the march-past, and afterwards Her Majesty with the Princess and Duchess took tea in the Duke's hut before returning to Windsor. On Wednesday the Queen held a Council, and on Thursday the Duke and Duchess of Albany returned to Claremont. Last (Friday) night Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice were to leave Windsor for Balmoral, where they will remain until the middle of next month, and then spend a short time at Windsor before going to the Isle of Wight. The Queen has written a letter of sympathy to Miss Burke.

The Prince of Wales inspected the First Life Guards at the end of last week, the Princess, the Grand Duke, Princess Victoria, and Prince Frederick William of Hesse and the Crown Prince of Denmark also being present, while subsequently the whole party lunched with the officers. The Grand Duke of Hesse and his daughter concluded their visit to the Prince and Princess on Saturday morning, and left for Germany, the Prince and Princess accompanying them to the station. In the afternoon the Prince attended the annual meeting of the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, when he was elected Commodore in the stead of the late Earl of Wilton, and subsequently he accompanied the Princess and the Duchess of Edinburgh to the Opera-Concert at the Floral Hall, in aid of the Royal College of Music, where the Duke of Edinburgh played the violin accompaniment to two of the songs. The Prince and Princess went to the Strand Theatre in the evening. On Sunday the Prince and Princess and their daughters attended Divine Service, and next day Prince Frederick William of Hesse lunched at Marlborough House, while in the evening the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Danish Crown Prince were present at a ball given by the Marquis and Marchioness de Santurce. The Prince of Wales presided on Tuesday at a meeting of the Stanley Memorial Fund, and accompanied the Princess and the Crown Prince of Denmark to dine with Lady Molesworth. On Wednesday the Prince and Princess attended the first State Ball of the season at Buckingham Palace, the other members of the Royal Family also being present. On Thursday the Prince of Wales was to visit High Wycombe, and after staying the night with Lord Carrington at Wycombe Abbey, he would inspect the Royal Bucks Militia next day before returning to town. To-night (Saturday), the Princess will be present at the Concert of the Amateur Orchestral Society in aid of the West End Hospital for Nervous Diseases, when the Duke of Edinburgh will again play the violin accompaniment to Gounod's "Ave Maria," and on Monday the Prince of Wales will hold a *levee* at St. James's Palace on behalf of the Queen.—The Prince has taken New Lodge, Windsor, belonging to M. Victor Van de Weyer, for Ascot week, and on June the 5th will visit Eton to unveil the Memorial to Old Etonians killed in the South African and Afghan campaigns. When the Prince and Princess go to St. Leonard's on June 27 to open the Children's Convalescent Home, they will also inaugurate the Public Park.—Princes Albert Victor and George have spent this week with their uncle, the King of Greece, at Athens, their visit being strictly private. Prince George has been slightly indisposed, but is now well again.

The Duke of Edinburgh was to visit Plymouth on Thursday to open the New Eddystone Lighthouse, being subsequently entertained at a banquet at the Guildhall. The Duchess will present the prizes to the successful students in the Savoy Chapel Schools next Saturday.—The Princess Louise on Saturday opened the new buildings of the South Hampstead High School for Girls, Fitzjohn's Avenue.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught will be present on June 3rd at the Civil Service Sports, when the Duchess will distribute the prizes.—Princess Christian went to the St. James's Theatre on Tuesday night.—The Duke and Duchess of Albany will remain at Claremont for the present.—Rumours of two proposed marriages are mentioned by the *St. James's Gazette*, those between Princess Beatrice and Prince Frederick William of Hesse, heir to the Landgrave of Hesse, and between Prince Waldemar of Denmark, youngest brother of the Princess of Wales, and the Princess Elizabeth of Hesse.

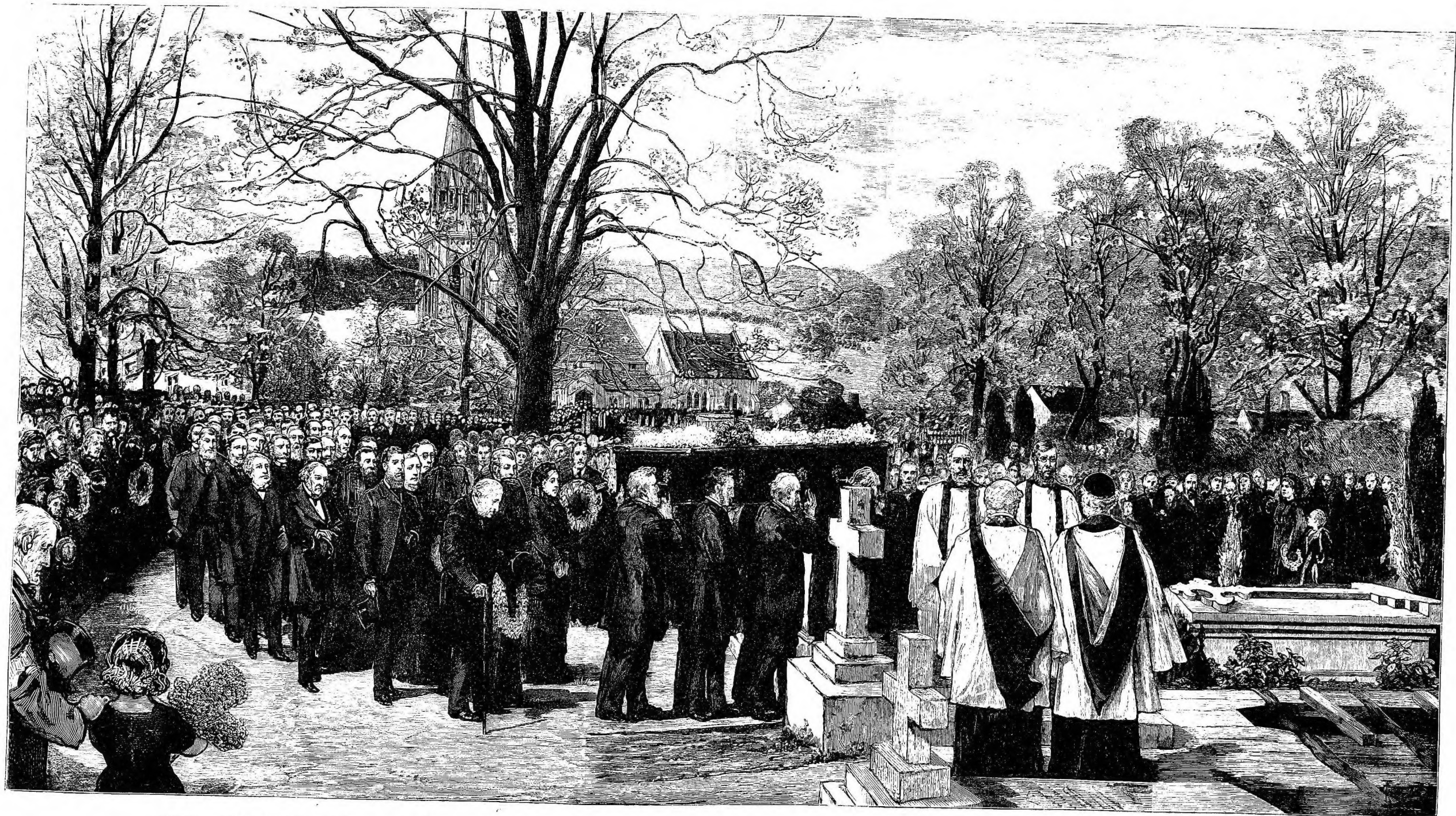
The Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz continue in London.—The Queen of Spain and her baby daughter will go to Austria next month on a short visit.—The young Prince of Naples is in very delicate health.



A DAY OF INTERCESSION FOR IRELAND.—On Friday last week, when the Upper House of Convocation met, the members of the Lower House were summoned, and informed by the Primate that their lordships considered the best way of complying with their wishes as to the appointment of a Day of Intercession was to empower the Bishops, under the authority of the Act of Uniformity, to issue a form of prayer to be read during the continuance of the present troubles in Ireland. Both this, and a form of private prayer relating to the same subject have now been issued.—On the suggestion of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, special prayers will to-morrow (Sunday) be offered in all the Congregational churches of the United Kingdom for Ireland, and for all who are responsible for the ordering of its affairs.

A NEW BISHOP.—The Venerable Alfred Bloomfield, Arch-deacon of Essex, and Vicar of Barking, has been appointed Bishop of Colchester, as Suffragan to the Bishop of St. Alban's.

THE MAY MEETINGS are still going on, and although complaints are made of diminished attendance as compared with former



THE ASSASSINATIONS IN DUBLIN—FUNERAL OF LORD FREDERICK CAVENDISH AT EDENSOR, NEAR CHATSWORTH

years, there appears to be no falling-off in the subscriptions to the funds of the various societies. Amongst those held since our last report are:—The Christian Evidence Society, the Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association, the Protestant Blind Pension Society, the Army Scripture Reader's Society, the Conference of the Clergy and Churchwardens Connected with the Bishop of London's Fund, the Primitive Methodists' Mission, the Seamen's Christian Friend, the Jewish Converts' Institution, the Colonial Missionary Society, and the Church of England Scripture Readers' Association.

CARDINAL M'CABE returned from Rome last week, and after spending some days in London, where he had interviews with several Irish members of Parliament, returned to Dublin on Tuesday, when, in replying to an address from the Town Commissioners of Kingston, on Tuesday, spoke in terms of the strongest condemnation of the Phoenix Park murders, which, however, he hoped would have an effect the very opposite of that looked for by the perpetrators. It was the duty of every man to render hearty aid towards their detection, to do his best to guard against the secret societies struck by the Church with her most terrible anathemas, and, as all power comes from God, to sustain authority by whatever influence he might possess.

THE DEAN STANLEY MEMORIAL.—On Tuesday, at a meeting of the Executive Committee, presided over by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, subscriptions amounting to 5,200*l.* were acknowledged, and it was announced that 1,500*l.* was still needed for the completion of the Chapter House windows. Contributions may be sent, as heretofore, to the Dean of Westminster.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOPRIC OF SOUTHWARK has been conferred upon the Very Rev. Dr. Coffin, who has been summoned to Rome to receive the rite of consecration.

THE STAINED GLASS WINDOW presented by American citizens to St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, as a memorial of Sir Walter Raleigh, was unveiled on Sunday last at the morning service, when Canon Farrar preached the sermon. Beneath the window are inscribed the following lines, written by Mr. J. R. Lowell, the American Minister:—

The New World's sons from England's breast we drew
Such milk as bids remember whence we came;
Proud of her Past, wherefrom our Present grew,
This window we inscribe with Raleigh's name.

A PILGRIMAGE TO LOURDES has been undertaken by the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk to supplicate for the restoration of sight to their only child and heir. On Sunday last prayer on their behalf was requested of all the Roman Catholic congregations in Westminster and Southwark.

THE SALVATION ARMY has scored two distinct successes during the week. The Upper House of Convocation, adopting the suggestion of the Lower House, has appointed a Committee to inquire into the working and teachings of the Army, with a view to their recognition and co-operation; and the new Training Barracks and Congress Hall at Lower Clapton has been opened with much éclat. This building, which has cost some 23,000*l.*, has been constructed by altering and adding to the disused London Orphan Asylum, the quadrangle of which has been roofed in to form the Congress Hall, capable of seating 4,700 persons; whilst in the wings are dormitories for 300 "cadets," or students, 150 of each sex, with large rooms for classes, "drill," kitchen, laundry, &c. Of the 8,000*l.* required to clear off the cost of the building, 4,000*l.* was promised or handed in at the inaugural meeting on Saturday, when "General" Booth stated that the work had been executed mainly by Salvation Army labourers, and that during their progress not an oath had been heard and not a single accident had occurred. The proceedings, which were continued on several days this week, were of the most enthusiastic character, the addresses of the various speakers being plentifully interspersed with fervid ejaculations of "Hallelujah," "Amen," "Praise the Lord," "I do believe," and the like, whilst in the frequent "War Songs" the voices of the "soldiers" were supplemented by musical instruments of all kinds, including banjos, tambourines, and bones; and flags and handkerchiefs were waved in every part of the building. "General" Booth, in his inaugural address, said that the Army, which had now attained such vast dimensions, had originated nearly seventeen years ago, when he took his stand alone in the streets of Whitechapel with his Bible in his hand and his eye upon its promises. People grumbled about their shouting, but he had as much right to grumble about their doubting. If men and women would not volunteer for the service of Christ the Army would become a great Hallelujah Press-gang. They would not use physical force—at least, no more than was necessary, but he trusted that they would soon be able to swell their ranks by sending out squads and companies to clear the tap-rooms.



THE TURF.—As usual in the week before the Derby there have been a variety of race meetings all over the country; but as the Bath gathering has of late years fallen from its once high estate, and is no longer regarded as a crucial time for Derby favourites to pass through, it hardly demands any special notice, while the sport at York, Salisbury, Lewes, and elsewhere, has been singularly deficient in interest. The victory, however, of the aged Reeler in the South-down Welter Handicap may be noted as showing that this evergreen is not yet done with. He carried the top weight in a field of five, and was ridden by Mr. A. Coventry, who has established himself as the "Archer" among gentlemen jockeys, his winning mounts for some months showing very high figures. For the Somersetshire Stakes, at Bath, Hesper, on his recent running, was made first favourite in a field of eight, but he could only get third, victory falling to the four-year-old, Spring Tide. At York Mr. Vyner won a brace for two-year-old races with two youngsters of whom his Camballo is the sire.—The Derby, as every one knows, will be run next Wednesday. Bruce has not only recovered his status, but stands at still shorter odds, 3 to 1 and 5 to 2, as first favourite, a position he is fully entitled to hold, as an unbeaten colt last year, and an animal which, as far as reports can be trusted, has wintered well, and undergone a good preparation. Shotover, the winner of the Two Thousand, and second in the One Thousand, is, at the time of writing, second favourite, with Quick-time next in demand. Those connected with all these three animals show a good deal of confidence. The next on the market list is Lord Falmouth's filly, Dutch Oven, who would probably have now headed it were it not for her illness some weeks ago, and the doubts felt as to whether she will evince signs of a thorough preparation on the day. Archer will be her jockey of course, and though she now stands at about 10 to 1 it is far from improbable that she will see half that price before the flag falls, provided she seems anything like fit. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that directly and indirectly she showed herself 5*lb.* to 7*lb.* better than any two-year-old last year. Since Blink Bonny won the Derby in 1857 no filly has won the "blue ribbon," and upholders of the doctrine of the "equalisation of chances" seem to think it is about time a lady was once more enrolled on the list of winners. This year they have Shotover and Dutch Oven to run for them, and certainly it would be no great surprise if one of them was to win.—The French

Oaks, the Prix De Diane, was won at Chantilly, on Sunday last, by M. P. Aumont's Mdle. De Senlis, who started at 6 to 4 on in a field of ten.

CRICKET.—Unusual interest is felt this season in the Australian cricketers, as, with the exception of one who could not make the journey, it is admitted that they are the very best men the Antipodes could produce. They have had, too, the advantage of much practice together, a point which perhaps we hardly estimate at its due value here. Their first match has been at Oxford this week against the University, which has made an excellent fight of it, though beaten by nine wickets. In their first innings the Australians scored 362, of which Massie, whose first innings it is in this country, made no less than 206 by some splendid hitting and careful play. Oxford replied with 189, to which E. D. Shaw, of Oriel, contributed 78 by most cautious and steady play, E. Robinson 28, and M. C. Kemp, who is in capital "all round" form this season, 23. Of course they had to follow on, but, by some really good cricket, not only saved a one innings defeat, but put on a fair number of runs to their credit, the total of the innings amounting to 234, thus leaving the Australians 62 to get to win. The bowling of the visitors was hardly as good as was expected, "the demon" Spofforth evidently not inspiring much terror into the Oxford bats, or much interfering with their wickets, but in the field the Australians were a perfect type of what a field should be. It is said that during the whole game only one real mistake was made on their side.—At Cambridge the University has been beaten in one innings by an England Eleven, captained by Mr. C. I. Thornton. Mr. A. P. Lucas scored 145, and for Cambridge in the first innings the highest score was Mr. J. E. K. Studd's 48.—The M.C.C. has beaten Lancashire at Lord's by eight wickets.—We shall see the Australians at the Oval on the 25th in a match against Surrey.

AQUATICS.—The May eight-oared races at Oxford have been unusually interesting. Exeter most unexpectedly has replaced Magdalen and Hertford, and gained the proud position of head of the river. They will probably be heard of to advantage at Henley.—English professional sculling has, indeed, fallen on evil days, and another nail in its coffin was well hammered in by the match (?) over the Championship Course on Monday last between R. Harding, of Blackwall, and C. Smith, of Hackney. All that is necessary to say is that at any part of the race it seemed any odds on Harding, but when 50 to 1 on him would have appeared a good bet for the layer, 2 and 3 to 1 were offered on Smith, who passed Harding in the last few yards, and won by three-quarters of a length, amid ominous silence. It is some consolation to hear that those who "knew something" were not enabled to reap much profit out of their know.—Hannan sailed for America on Tuesday last, to complete his match with Ross.

TRICYCLING.—Among what may be termed recreational athletic exercises, tricycling has of late made wonderfully rapid strides in popularity, so much so, that it seems by no means improbable that before long the riders on three wheels will outnumber those on two. Evidence in this direction was given by the very successful annual meet of tricyclists on Barnes Common on Saturday last. A large number of Clubs sent contingents, and the procession was formed according to priority of formation. In all there were about 400 machines in rank, and about 100 more ridden by spectators.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—On the afternoon of the 12th instant Mr. J. Turner-Turner, of the Gun Club, essayed to kill 95 pigeons out of 100 (25 yards, and five traps five yards apart), for 100*l.* He killed 48 out of the first 50, but eventually lost the match, though he accomplished the feat of killing 93 in 57 minutes.

COACHING.—The comparatively modern revival of coaching seems fairly to come within the scope of the brief notes in our "Pastimes." On the 12th instant the Coaching Club had its first meet for the season at the Magazine in Hyde Park; and on Wednesday last the Four-in-Hand Club followed suit, the Prince of Wales being on one of the coaches. The Princess of Wales and three of her daughters also witnessed the meet; and the large number of spectators of all classes showed that these gatherings fully maintain their popularity.



AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.—The examination of senior agricultural students competing for prizes offered by the Royal Agricultural Society was concluded on Saturday last. There were nine candidates for the four prizes, which is scarcely encouraging. The examination was a stiff one: the subjects being Science in its branches of Botany, Anatomy, and Geology; Agriculture in all its branches; and Geometry in its branches of Trigonometry and Land-Surveying; and there were also questions asked in Practical Mechanics. For real proficiency in these three subjects the prizes ought to be larger than they now are, and a wealthy Society like the Royal might well raise the value of the chief prize from its present 25*l.* to 100*l.* We believe the number of candidates would be quite proportionately increased.

AGRICULTURAL AGITATION appears to be spreading in Wales, where a regular Land League has been formed with the object "of having the direction of all combined movements on the part of agriculturists in the Principality, with head-quarters at a centre on the joint confines of North and South Wales; the establishment of a separate executive for North and South Wales respectively, and the general extension in Wales of the 'Farmers' Alliance,' with branches in every county, parish, and village." The appearance of this latter organisation in conjunction with the Land League is significant.

MR. CHAPLIN ON AGRICULTURE.—Addressing his constituents on Saturday last Mr. Chaplin said he believed there was no class of men in this country whose sufferings could compare with those of some of the smaller freeholders, whose lot was one with which he had the warmest sympathy, and whose sufferings throughout the agricultural depression he had most heartily deplored. Local taxation should be relieved, for of some twenty-five millions sterling raised by local rates fifteen millions were devoted to purposes purely national in character. Mr. Chaplin concluded by pointing out the enormous wealth in the form of personal property that at present escaped its fair share of local burdens.

MR. LAWES is a man in honouring whom agriculture is honoured, and all English farmers will rejoice that a baronetcy has been offered to and accepted by the veteran agriculturist of Rothamstead. Mr. Lawes is an Oxford man, and was at that University during the memorable period of the Oxford Revival. But the contemporary of Gladstone, of Newman and of Keble, was engaged in studies very different, if hardly less searching and profound, than those of politicians and theologians. Before Mr. Lawes left Brasenose he had acquired a reputation in natural science, in chemistry, and in mechanics. How on his Rothamstead estate he has carried out the most valuable trials, and how he has in a hundred ways been a benefactor to English agriculture, what farmer is there but knows?

ON THE MOORS there are already excellent prospects of sport, as the mild winter has had its influence alike on birds and vegetation.

In many places the birds had taken to their nests before the first week of this month was over, and this is about a fortnight earlier than usual. The old birds are in good health, and splendid plumage. The holders of moors seldom part with them, at least in Yorkshire, except under great monetary pressure. The reason of this is that moors gradually fetch higher rents, and are besides falling into fewer and fewer hands.

FARM ASSESSMENTS formed the text of an able address recently delivered by Mr. Lenny before the East Suffolk Chamber of Agriculture. Mr. Lenny advocated: 1. A well-considered plan of reduction on the assessments of all farm properties, where not already made, as absolutely necessary. 2. That in making any change, special relief should be given to poor and neglected heavy farms, and to such low lands as are affected by floods. 3. That where assessments have for the last two years been materially altered by appeal, a further reduction should not be allowed. 4. That where appeals are being made on account of excessive reductions in rent, they should be settled by common-sense views. 5. That a Conference between the different Chairmen of Union Assessment Committees should be held in the interest of uniformity of rating. With Mr. Lenny's first, second, third, and fifth points we cordially concur. As to the fourth, we do not exactly understand it, and it is, indeed, so vaguely worded that we are tempted to believe it was hardly intended to be exactly understood.

AZALEAS.—Those who admire these flowers, and wish to see some new and striking tints and colours of blossom, should not omit to notice the very fine clump now in full bloom in Hyde Park, a little beyond the corner of Rotten Row.

WHITE BLOSSOM is now superabundant in the fruit garden, and where double blossomed and sterilised trees are grown purely for ornament, there is just now a want of absolute colour, especially of red to contrast with the white. We therefore welcome the *Pyrus horti*, a new pear which bears corymbs of delicate rosy blossoms, and which is fairly hardy. The Red May is now out in many gardens, and forms a charming addition to the view. It may very well be grown amid the ornamental white-blossoming fruit trees.

AMERICAN COWSLIPS, botanically, *Dodecatheon*, are bright and graceful flowers, which merit being often seen than they are, and their culture and arrangement being so far understood that they might bloom regularly, and without trouble. They do not thrive in the smoky thick air of great cities, but residents in the country, especially in the southern counties, might well cultivate them. Now is their time of full bloom.

THE *Cydonia* is one of those flowering plants which brighten up a country doorway or cottage porch, and which is yet far from being the favourite it well might be. All plants are especially beautiful and interesting in the spring; and the *Cydonia* is very remarkable for the extreme delicacy of its opening foliage. The concealment of individual form in the yet unburst bud is of the most captivating suggestiveness, and its first expansion reveals a combination of attractions more easily discerned than described. The flower itself has all the pleasing characters of the Rose family, to which the *Cydonia* belongs—petals of rosy warmth surrounding stamens laden with golden dust, or, to be strictly accurate, grains of pollen.



WAGNER AND "PARSIFAL."—An audience exclusively composed of known partisans of Wagner and his theories had been invited to attend the final grand rehearsal of *Parsifal* at the forthcoming celebration in Bayreuth. His Majesty of Bavaria, however, having intimated his desire to be present, the arrangements were necessarily altered, and that august monarch, in accordance with a favourite custom of recent years, will be the sole spectator. Those amateurs who intend going to Bayreuth with the object of hearing *Parsifal* may be glad to know that a pianoforte arrangement of the score, accompanied by the verbal text, has been published by the enterprising firm of Schott, at Mayence. An English translation, moreover, "in exact accordance with the original," from the united pens of H. L. and F. Corder, has been printed; and this will be of considerable use to a large number of foreign critics, who, as in the instance of *Ring des Nibelungen*, six years ago, being wholly unversed in the new Eleusinian Mysteries, found themselves more or less puzzled. Visitors to Bayreuth should go fully equipped for the occasion; and it is to be hoped that Herr Hans von Wolzogen will prepare a "Guide" for *Parsifal*, as he did for the *Ring*; so that the "leitmotives" may at once be detected and committed to memory. An English translation by Herr Ernst von Wolzogen, as clear and intelligible as that of the "Nibelung Guide," now in every one's hands, Wagnerian or non-Wagnerian, would also be an invaluable help. Wagner's recent works are not to be grasped without adequate preliminary study, and no such aids should be disregarded. It is stated in some German papers, that immediately after the representations of *Parsifal* the poet-composer will leave Bayreuth for Venice. Nothing since has been circulated about the visit to Athens, or the projected Greek opera. Let us hope, nevertheless, that the idea has not altogether been abandoned.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The fifth concert brought forward Signor Sgambati from Rome, a pianist and composer of remarkable ability, of whom his countrymen are, and have reason to be, proud. Signor Sgambati has hitherto, we believe, given almost exclusive attention to instrumental music for the orchestra and the chamber, in each department winning distinction. The composition which introduced him to an English audience on the present occasion was a concerto in G minor for pianoforte and orchestra, his fifteenth public work, and one in every respect meriting high consideration. With much independent thought and originality of treatment, there is little in the concerto to justify an assertion put forth in the "analytical programme"—that Signor Sgambati is "a disciple of the modern school." On the contrary—as the writer feels compelled to add—"in the matter of form he adheres to classical models." The one assertion contradicts the other, inasmuch as what especially distinguishes the "advanced" school is contempt for that "form" venerated by the truly great masters, in the absence of which all artistic result must turn out, in a greater or lesser degree, chaotic. That Signor Sgambati can shape his ideas with logical consistency, and yet be here and there discursive, just as fancy may dictate, is shown in the "moderato maestoso" which opens the concerto; that he can be melodious and expressive, while at the same time happy in the use of ornate devices, is equally proved by the succeeding movement, a graceful *romanza* in the key of E flat. The *finale*, "allegro animato," framed after the "rondo"-pattern (ignored by "higher development," but enduring all the same), is built upon a catching theme, and being developed with unflagging spirit, brings the whole to an effective conclusion. As a pianist, though he studied for some time under Liszt, Signor Sgambati exhibits none of the peculiarities of those who most delight to figure as chosen apostles of that unique phenomenon. There is no hint of extravagance in his playing. Thanks to his perfect technique, when mastering difficulties with consummate ease he does so with such quiet composure as materially to enhance the charm of his performance. In fact, he cultivates the pure legitimate style with which

(Continued on page 514.)



1. Bracelet Given by the Golf Club of St. Andrew's.—2. Bracelet Given by the Bridesmaids.—3. Silver Cup Given by the Servants at Claremont.—4. Silver Cup Given by the Queen's Housekeepers and Dressers.—5. Gold Bowl Given by Sir Nathaniel Rothschild.—6. Clock Given by the Members of the Metropolitan Drawing Classes, under the Tuition of Mr. Busbridge.—7. Antique Clock Given by the Duchess of Wellington.—8. Silver Gilt Cup Given by the Gentlemen of the Household at Claremont.—9 & 10. Cups Formed of Silver Coins, Time of Edward II., Given by the Earl and Countess of Lathom.—11. Silver Bowl Given by the Scotch Servants of Her Majesty the Queen.—12. Silver Bowl Given by the Wiltshire Society.

THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCE LEOPOLD, DUKE OF ALBANY—SOME OF THE WEDDING PRESENTS



DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

"Yes, my lord, it's me. I am Crocker. You remember me, my lord, down in Cumberland?"

MARION FAY: A Novel

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "FRAMLEY PARSONAGE," "ORLEY FARM," "THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON," "THE WAY WE LIVE NOW," &c., &c.

CHAPTER LVI.

LORD HAMPSTEAD AGAIN WITH MARION

THE Quaker had become as weak as water in his daughter's hands. To whatever she might have desired he would have given his assent. He went daily up from Pegwell Bay to Pogson and Littlebird's, but even then he was an altered man. It had been said there for a few days that his daughter was to become the wife of the eldest son of the Marquis of Kingsbury, and then it had been said that there could be no such marriage—because of Marion's health. The glory while it lasted he had borne meekly, but with a certain anxious satisfaction. The pride of his life had been in Marion, and this young lord's choice had justified his pride. But the glory had been very fleeting. And now it was understood through all Pogson and Littlebird's that their senior clerk had been crushed, not by the loss of his noble son-in-law, but by the cause which produced the loss. Under these circumstances poor Zachary Fay had hardly any will of his own, except to do that which his daughter suggested to him. When she told him that she would wish to go up to London for a few days, he assented as a matter of course. And when she explained that she wished to do so in order that she might see Lord Hampstead, he only shook his head sadly, and was silent.

"Of course I will come as you wish it," Marion had said in her letter to her lover. "What would I not do that you wish,—except when you wish things that you know you ought not? Mrs. Roden says that I am to go up to be lectured. You mustn't be very hard upon me. I don't think you ought to ask me to do things which you know,—which you know that I cannot do. Oh, my lover! oh, my love! would that it were all over, and that you were free!"

In answer to this, and to other letters of the kind, he wrote to her long argumentative epistles, in which he strove to repress the assurances of his love, in order that he might convince her the better by the strength of his reasoning. He spoke to her of the will of God, and of the wickedness of which she would be guilty if she took upon herself to foretell the doings of Providence. He said much of the actual bond by which they had tied themselves together in declaring their mutual love. He endeavoured to explain to her that she could not be justified in settling such a question for herself without reference to the opinion of those who must know the world better than she did. Had the words of a short ceremony been spoken, she would have been bound to obey him as her husband. Was she not equally bound now, already, to acknowledge his superiority,—and if not by him, was it not her

manifest duty to be guided by her father? Then at the end of four carefully-written, well-stuffed pages, there would come two or three words of burning love. "My Marion, my self, my very heart!" It need hardly be said that as the well-stuffed pages went for nothing with Marion, had not the least effect towards convincing her, so were the few words the very food on which she lived. There was no absurdity in the language of love that was not to her a gem so brilliant that it deserved to be garnered in the very treasure house of her memory! All those long useless sermons were preserved because they had been made rich and rare by the expression of his passion.

She understood him, and valued him at the proper rate, and measured him correctly in everything. He was so true, she knew him to be so true, that even his superlatives could not be other than true! But as for his reasoning, she knew that that came also from his passion. She could not argue the matter out with him, but he was wrong in it all. She was bound not to listen to any other voice but that of her own conscience. She was bound not to subject him to the sorrows which would attend him were he to become her husband. She could not tell how weak or how strong might be his nature in bearing the burden of the grief which would certainly fall upon him at her death. She had heard, and had in part seen, that time does always mitigate the weight of that burden. Perhaps it might be best that she should go at once, so that no prolonged period of his future career should be injured by his waiting. She had begun to think that he would be unable to look for another wife while she lived. By degrees there came upon her the full conviction of the steadfastness, nay, of the stubbornness, of his heart. She had been told that men were not usually like that. When first he had become sweet to her, she had not thought that he would have been like that. Was it not almost unmanly,—or rather was it not womanly? And yet he,—strong and masterful as he was,—could he have aught of a woman's weakness about him? Could she have dreamed that it would be so from the first, she thought that from the very first she could have abstained.

"Of course I shall be at home on Tuesday at two. Am I not at home every day at all hours? Mrs. Roden shall not be there as you do not wish it, though Mrs. Roden has always been your friend. Of course I shall be alone. Papa is always in the City. Good to you! Of course I shall be good to you! How can I be bad to the one being that I love better than all the world? I am always thinking of you; but I do wish that you would not think so much of me. A man should not think so much of a girl,—only just at his spare moments. I did not think that it would be like that when I told you that you might love me."

All that Tuesday morning, before he left home, he was not only thinking of her, but trying to marshal in order what arguments he might use,—so as to convince her at last. He did not at all understand how utterly fruitless his arguments had been with her. When Mrs. Roden had told him of Marion's strength he had only in part believed her. In all matters concerning the moment Marion was weak and womanly before him. When he told her that this or the other thing was proper and becoming, she took it as Gospel because it came from him. There was something of the old awe even when she looked up into his face. Because he was a great nobleman, and because she was the Quaker's daughter, there was still, in spite of their perfect love, something of superiority, something of inferiority of position. It was natural that he should command,—natural that she should obey. How could it be then that she should not at last obey him in this great thing which was so necessary to him? And yet hitherto he had never gone near to prevailing with her. Of course he marshalled all his arguments.

Gentle and timid as she was, she had made up her mind to everything, even down to the very greeting with which she would receive him. His first warm kiss had shocked her. She had thought of it since, and had told herself that no harm could come to her from such tokens of affection,—that it would be unnatural were she to refuse it to him. Let it pass by as an incident that should mean nothing. To hang upon his neck and to feel and to know that she was his very own,—that might not be given to her. To hear his words of love and to answer him with words as warm,—that could be allowed to her. As for the rest, it would be better that she should let it so pass by that there need be as little of contention as possible on a matter so trivial.

When he came into the room he took her at once, passive and unresisting, into his arms. "Marion," he said. "Marion! Do you say that you are ill? You are as bright as a rose."

"Rose leaves soon fall. But we will not talk about that. Why go to such a subject?"

"It cannot be helped." He still held her by the waist, and now again he kissed her. There was something in her passive submission which made him think at the moment that she had at last determined to yield to him altogether. "Marion, Marion," he said, still holding her in his embrace, "you will be persuaded by me? You will be mine now?"

Gradually,—very gently,—she contrived to extricate herself. There must be no more of it, or his passion would become too strong for her. "Sit down, dearest," she said. "You hurry me by all this. It is not good that I should be flurried."

"I will be quiet, tame, motionless, if you will only say the one

word to me. Make me understand that we are not to be parted, and I will ask for nothing else."

"Parted! No, I do not think that we shall be parted."

"Say that the day shall come when we may really be joined together; when—"

"No, dear; no; I cannot say that. I cannot alter anything that I have said before. I cannot make things other than they are. Here we are, we two, loving each other with all our hearts, and yet it may not be. My dear, dear lord!" She had never even yet learned another name for him than this. "Sometimes I ask myself whether it has been my fault." She was now sitting, and he was standing over her, but still holding her by the hand.

"There has been no fault. Why should either have been in fault?"

"When there is so great a misfortune there must generally have been a fault. But I do not think there has been any here. Do not misunderstand me, dear. The misfortune is not with me. I do not know that the Lord could have sent me a greater blessing than to have been loved by you,—were it not that your trouble, your grief, your complainings rob me of my joy."

"Then do not rob me," he said.

"Out of two evils you must choose the least. You have heard of that, have you not?"

"There need be no evil;—no such evil as this." Then he dropped her hand, and stood apart from her while he listened to her, or else walked up and down the room, throwing at her now and again a quick angry word, as she went on striving to make clear to him the ideas as they came to her mind.

"I do not know how I could have done otherwise," she said, "when you would make it so certain to me that you loved me. I suppose it might have been possible for me to go away, and not to say a word in answer."

"That is nonsense,—sheer nonsense," he said.

"I could not tell you an untruth. I tried it once, but the words would not come at my bidding. Had I spoken them, you would read the truth in my eyes. What then could I have done? And yet there was not a moment in which I have not known that it must be as it is."

"It need not be; it need not be. It should not be."

"Yes, dear, it must be. As it is so why not let us have the sweet of it as far as it will go? Can you not take a joy in thinking that you have given an inexpressible brightness to your poor Marion's days; that you have thrown over her a heavenly light which would be all glorious to her if she did not see that you were covered by a cloud? If I thought that you could hold up your head with manly strength, and accept this little gift of my love, just for what it is worth—just for what it is worth—then I think I could be happy to the end."

"What would you have me do? Can a man love and not love?"

"I almost think he can. I almost think that men do. I would not have you not love me. I would not lose my light and my glory altogether. But I would have your love to be of such a nature, that it should not conquer you. I would have you remember your name and your family—"

"I care nothing for my name. As far as I am concerned, my name is gone."

"Oh, my lord!"

"You have determined that my name shall go no further."

"That is unmanly, Lord Hampstead. Because a poor weak girl such as I am cannot do all that you wish, are you to throw away your strength and your youth, and all the high hopes which ought to be before you? Would you say that it were well in another if you heard that he had thrown up everything, surrendered all his duties, because of his love for some girl infinitely beneath him in the world's esteem?"

"There is no question of above and beneath. I will not have it. As to that, at any rate we are on a par."

"A man and a girl can never be on a par. You have a great career, and you declare that it shall go for nothing because I cannot be your wife."

"Can I help myself if I am broken-hearted? You can help me."

"No, Lord Hampstead; it is there that you are wrong. It is there that you must allow me to say that I have the clearer knowledge. With an effort on your part the thing may be done."

"What effort? What effort? Can I teach myself to forget that I have ever seen you?"

"No, indeed, you cannot forget. But you may resolve that, remembering me, you should remember me only for what I am worth. You should not buy your memories at too high a price."

"What is it that you would have me do?"

"I would have you seek another wife."

"Marion!"

"I would have you seek another wife. If not instantly, I would have you instantly resolve to do so."

"It would not hurt you to feel that I loved another?"

"I think not. I have tried myself, and now I think that it would not hurt me. There was a time in which I owned to myself that it would be very bitter, and then I told myself, that I hoped—that I hoped that you would wait. But now, I have acknowledged to myself the vanity and selfishness of such a wish. If I really love you am I not bound to want what may be best for you?"

"You think that possible?" he said, standing over her, and looking down upon her. "Judging from your own heart do you think that you could do that if outward circumstances made it convenient?"

"No, no, no."

"Why should you suppose me to be harder-hearted than yourself, more callous, more like a beast of the fields?"

"More like a man is what I would have you."

"I have listened to you, Marion, and now you may listen to me. Your distinctions as to men and women are all vain. There are those, men and women both, who can love and do love, and there are those who neither do nor can. Whether it be for good or evil,—we can, you and I, and we do. It would be impossible to think of giving yourself to another?"

"That is certainly true."

"It is the same with me,—and will ever be so. Whether you live or die, I can have no other wife than Marion Fay. As to that I have a right to expect that you shall believe me. Whether I have a wife or not you must decide."

"Oh, dearest, do not kill me."

"It has to be so. If you can be firm so can I. As to my name and my family, it matters nothing. Could I be allowed to look forward and think that you would sit at my hearth, and that some child that should be my child should lie in your arms, then I could look forward to what you call a career. Not that he might be the last of a hundred Traffords, not that he might be an Earl or a Marquis like his forefathers, not that he might some day live to be a wealthy peer, would I have it so,—but because he would be yours and mine." Now she got up, and threw her arms around him, and stood leaning on him as he spoke. "I can look forward to that and think of a career. If that cannot be, the rest of it must provide for itself. There are others who can look after the Traffords,—and who will do so whether it be necessary or not. To have gone a little out of the beaten path, to have escaped some of the traditional absurdities, would have been something to me. To have let the world see how noble a Countess I could find for them,—that would have satisfied me. And I had succeeded. I had found one that would really have graced the name. If it is not to be so,—why then let the name and family go on in the old beaten track."

I shall not make another venture. I have made my choice, and it is to come to this."

"You must wait, dear;—you must wait. I had not thought it would be like this; but you must wait."

"What God may have in store for me, who can tell? You have told me your mind, Marion; and now I trust that you will understand mine. I do not accept your decision, but you will accept mine. Think of it all, and when you see me again in a day or two, then see whether you will not be able to join your lot to mine and make the best of it." Upon this he kissed her again, and left her without another word.

CHAPTER LVII.

CROCKER'S DISTRESS

WHEN Midsummer came Paradise Row was alive with various interests. There was no one there who did not know something of the sad story of Marion Fay and her love. It was impossible that such a one as Lord Hampstead should make repeated visits to the street without notice. When Marion returned home from Pegwell Bay, even the potboy at The Duchess of Edinburgh knew why she had come, and Clara Demijohn professed to be able to tell all that passed at the interview next day. And there was the great "Duca" matter;—so that Paradise Row generally conceived itself to be concerned on all questions of nobility, both Foreign and British. There were the Ducaites and the anti-Ducaites. The Demijohn faction generally, as being under the influence of Crocker, were of opinion that George Roden being a Duke could not rid himself of his ducal nature, and they were loud in their expression of the propriety of calling the Duke Duke whether he wished it or no. But Mrs. Grimley at The Duchess was warm on the other side. George Roden, according to her lights, being a clerk in the Post Office, must certainly be a Briton, and being a Briton, and therefore free, was entitled to call himself whatever he pleased. She was generally presumed to enunciate a properly constitutional theory in the matter, and, as she was a leading personage in the neighbourhood, the Duca was for the most part called by his old name, but there were contests, and on one occasion blows had been struck. All this helped to keep life alive in the Row.

But there had arisen another source of intense interest. Samuel Crocker was now regularly engaged to marry Miss Demijohn. There had been many difficulties before this could be arranged. Crocker not unnaturally wished that a portion of the enormous wealth which rumour attributed to Mrs. Demijohn should be made over to the bride on her marriage. But the discussions which had taken place between him and the old lady on the matter had been stormy and unsuccessful. "It's a sort of thing that one doesn't understand at all, you know," Crocker had said to Mrs. Grimley, giving the landlady to understand that he was not going to part with his own possession of himself without adequate consideration. Mrs. Grimley had comforted the young man by reminding him that the old lady was much given to hot brandy and water, and that she could not "take her money with her where she was going." Crocker had at last contented himself with an assurance that there should be a breakfast and a trousseau which was to cost 60*l*. With the promise of this and the hope of what brandy and water might do for him, he had given in, and the match was made. Had there been no more than this in the matter the Row would not have been much stirred by it. The Row was so full of Earls, Marquises, and Dukes that Crocker's love would have awakened no more than a passing attention, but for a concomitant incident which was touching in its nature, and interesting in its development. Daniel Tribbledale, junior clerk at Pogson and Littlebird's, had fought a battle with his passion for Clara Demijohn like a man; but, manly though the battle had been, Love had prevailed over him. He had at last found it impossible to give up the girl of his heart, and he had declared his intention of "punching Crocker's head" should he ever find him in the neighbourhood of the Row. With the object of doing this he frequented the Row constantly from ten in the evening till two in the morning, and spent a great deal more money than he ought to have done at The Duchess. He would occasionally knock at No. 10, and boldly ask to be allowed to see Miss Clara. On one or two of these occasions he had seen her, and tears had flown in great quantities. He had thrown himself at her feet, and she had assured him that it was in vain. He had fallen back at Pogson and Littlebird's to 120*l*. a year, and there was no prospect of an increase. Moreover the betrothment with Crocker was complete. Clara had begged him to leave the vicinity of Holloway. Nothing, he had sworn, should divorce him from Paradise Row. Should that breakfast ever be given; should these hated nuptials ever take place; he would be heard of. It was in vain that Clara had threatened to die on the threshold of the church if anything rash were done. He was determined, and Clara, no doubt, was interested in the persistency of his affection. It was, however, specially worthy of remark that Crocker and Tribbledale never did meet in Paradise Row.

Monday, 13th of July, was the day fixed for the marriage, and lodgings for the happy pair had been taken at Islington. It had been hoped that room might have been made for them at No. 10; but the old lady, fearing the interference of a new inmate, had preferred the horrors of solitude to the combined presence of her niece and her niece's husband. She had, however, given a clock and a small harmonium to grace the furnished sitting-room;—so that things might be said to stand on a sound and pleasant footing. Gradually, however, it came to be thought both by the old and the young lady, that Crocker was becoming too eager on that great question of the Duca. When he declared that no earthly consideration should induce him to call his friend by any name short of that noble title which he was entitled to use, he was asked a question or two as to his practice at the office. For it had come round to Paradise Row that Crocker was giving offence at the office by his persistency. "When I speak of him I always call him the 'Duca,'" said Crocker, gallantly, "and when I meet him I always address him as Duca. No doubt it may for a while create a little coolness, but he will recognise at last the truth of the spirit which actuates me. He is 'the Duca.'"

"If you go on doing what they tell you not to do," said the old woman, "they'll dismiss you." Crocker had simply smiled ineffably. Not Æolus himself would dismiss him for a loyal adherence to the constitutional usages of European Courts.

Crocker was in truth making himself thoroughly disagreeable at the Post Office. Sir Boreas had had his own view as to Roden's title, and had been anxious to assist Lord Persiflage in forcing the clerk to accept his nobility. But when he had found that Roden was determined, he had given way. No order had been given on the subject. It was a matter which hardly admitted of an order. But it was understood that as Mr. Roden wished to be Mr. Roden, he was to be Mr. Roden. It was declared that good taste required that he should be addressed as he chose to be addressed. When, therefore, Crocker persisted it was felt that Crocker was a bore. When Crocker declared to Roden personally that his conscience would not allow him to encounter a man whom he believed to be a nobleman without calling him by his title, the office generally felt that Crocker was an ass. Æolus was known to have expressed himself as very angry, and was said to have declared that the man must be dismissed sooner or later. This had been reported to his right name. "Sir Boreas can't dismiss me for calling a nobleman by his right name," Crocker had replied indignantly. The clerks had acknowledged among themselves that this might be true, but had remarked that there were different ways of hanging a dog. If Æolus was desirous of hanging Crocker, Crocker would certainly find him the rope before long. There was a little bet made between

Bobbin and Geraghty that the office would know Crocker no longer before the end of the year.

Alas, alas;—just before the time fixed for the poor fellow's marriage, during the first week of July, there came to our Æolus not only an opportunity for dismissing poor Crocker, but an occasion on which, by the consent of all, it was admitted to be impossible that he should not do so, and the knowledge of the sin committed came upon Sir Boreas at a moment of great exasperation arising from another source. "Sir Boreas," Crocker had said, coming into the great man's room, "I hope you will do me the honour of being present at my wedding breakfast." The suggestion was an unpardonable impertinence. "I am asking no one else in the Department except the Duca," said Crocker. With what special flea in his ear Crocker was made to leave the room instantly cannot be reported; but the reader may be quite sure that neither did Æolus nor the Duca accept the invitation. It was on that very afternoon that Mr. Jerningham, with the assistance of one of the messengers, discovered that Crocker had—actually torn up a bundle of official papers!

Among many official sins of which Crocker was often guilty was that of "delaying papers." Letters had to be written, or more probably copies made, and Crocker would postpone the required work from day to day. Papers would get themselves locked up, and sometimes it would not be practicable to trace them. There were those in the Department who said that Crocker was not always trustworthy in his statements, and there had come up lately a case in which the unhappy one was supposed to have hidden a bundle of papers of which he denied having ever had the custody. Then arose a tumult of anger among those who would be supposed to have had the papers if Crocker did not have them, and a rigorous search was instituted. Then it was discovered that he had absolutely—destroyed the official documents! They referred to the reiterated complaints of a fidgety old gentleman who for years past had been accusing the Department of every imaginable iniquity. According to this irritable old gentleman, a diabolical ingenuity had been exercised in preventing him from receiving a single letter through a long series of years.

This was a new crime. Wicked things were often done, but anything so wicked as this had never before been perpetrated in the Department. The minds of the senior clerks were terribly moved, and the young men were agitated by a delicious awe. Crocker was felt to be abominable; but heroic also,—and original. It might be that a new opening for great things had been invented.

The fidgety old gentleman had never a leg to stand upon,—not a stump; but now it was almost impossible that he should not be made to know that all his letters of complaint had been made away with! Of course Crocker must be dismissed. He was at once suspended, and called upon for his written explanation. "And I am to be married next week!" he said weeping to Mr. Jerningham. Æolus had refused to see him, and Mr. Jerningham, when thus appealed to, only shook his head. What could a Mr. Jerningham say to a man who had torn up official papers on the eve of his marriage? Had he laid violent hands on his bride, but preserved the papers, his condition, to Mr. Jerningham's thinking, would have been more wholesome.

It was never known who first carried the tidings to Paradise Row. There were those who said that Tribbledale was acquainted with a friend of Bobbin, and that he made it all known to Clara in an anonymous letter. There were others who traced a friendship between the potboy at The Duchess and a son of one of the messengers. It was at any rate known at No. 10. Crocker was summoned to an interview with the old woman; and the match was then and there declared to be broken off. "What are your intentions, sir, as to supporting that young woman?" Mrs. Demijohn demanded with all the severity of which she was capable. Crocker was so broken-hearted that he had not a word to say for himself. He did not dare to suggest that perhaps he might not be dismissed. He admitted the destruction of the papers. "I never cared for him again when I saw him so knocked out of time by an old woman," said Clara afterwards.

"What am I to do about the lodgings?" asked Crocker weeping. "Tear 'em up," said Mrs. Demijohn. "Tear 'em up. Only send back the clock and the harmonium."

Crocker in his despair looked about everywhere for assistance. It might be that Æolus would be softer-hearted than Clara Demijohn. He wrote to Lord Persiflage, giving him a very full account of the affair. The papers, he said, had in fact been actually torn by accident. He was afraid of "the Duca," or he would have applied to him. "The Duca" no doubt had been his most intimate friend,—so he still declared,—but in such an emergency he did not know how to address "the Duca." But he bethought himself of Lord Hampstead, of that hunting acquaintance, with whom his intercourse had been so pleasant and so genial, and he made a journey down to Hendon. Lord Hampstead at this time was living there all alone. Marion Fay had been taken back to Pegwell Bay, and her lover was at the old house holding intercourse almost with no one. His heart just now was very heavy with him. He had begun to believe that Marion would in truth never become his wife. He had begun to think that she would really die, and that he would never have had the sad satisfaction of calling her his own. All lightness and brightness had gone from him, all the joy which he used to take in argument, all the eagerness of his character,—unless the hungry craving of unsatisfied love could still be called an eagerness.

He was in this condition when Crocker was brought out to him in the garden where he was walking. "Mr. Crocker," he said, standing still in the pathway and looking into the man's face.

"Yes, my lord; it's me. I am Crocker. You remember me, my lord, down in Cumberland?"

"I remember you,—at Castle Hautboy."

"And out hunting, my lord,—when we had that pleasant ride home from Airey Force."

"What can I do for you now?"

"I always do think, my lord, that there is nothing like sport to cement affection. I don't know how you feel about it, my lord."

"If there is anything to be said—perhaps you will say it."

"And there's another bond, my lord. We have both been looking for the partners of our joys in Paradise Row."

"If you have anything to say, say it."

"And as for your friend, my lord, the,—the—. You know whom I mean. If I have given any offence it has only been because I've thought that as the title was certainly theirs, a young lady who shall be nameless ought to have the advantage of it. I've only done it because of my consideration for the family."

"What have you come here for, Mr. Crocker? I am not just now disposed to converse,—on, I may say, any subject. If there be anything—"

"Indeed, there is. Oh, my lord, they are going to dismiss me! For the sake of Paradise Row, my lord, pray, pray, interfere on my behalf." Then he told the whole story about the papers, merely explaining that they had been torn in accident. "Sir Boreas is angry with me because I have thought it right to call—you know whom—by his title, and now I am to be dismissed just when I was about to take that beautiful and accomplished young lady to the hymeneal altar. Only think if you and Miss Fay was to be divided in the same way!"

With much lengthened explanation, which was, however, altogether ineffectual, Lord Hampstead had to make his visitor understand that there was no ground on which he could even justify a request. "But a letter! You could write a letter. A letter from your lordship would do so much." Lord Hampstead shook his head. "If you were just to say that you had known me intimately

down in Cumberland! Of course I am not taking upon myself to say it was so,—but to save a poor fellow on the eve of his marriage!"

"I will write a letter," said Lord Hampstead, thinking of it, turning over in his mind his own idea of what marriage would be to him. "I cannot say that we have been intimate friends, because it would not be true."

"No;—no; no! Of course not that."

"But I will write a letter to Sir Boreas. I cannot conceive that it should have any effect. It ought to have none."

"It will, my lord."

"I will write, and will say that your father is connected with my uncle, and that your condition in regard to your marriage may perhaps be accepted as a ground for clemency. Good day to you." Not very quickly, but with profuse thanks and the shedding of some tears, poor Crocker took his leave. He had not been long gone before the following letter was written:—

"SIR,

"Though I have not the honour of any acquaintance with you, I take the liberty of writing to you as to the condition of one of the clerks in your office. I am perfectly aware that should I receive a reprimand from your hands, I shall have deserved it by my unjustifiable interference."

"Mr. Crocker represents to me that he is to be dismissed because of some act of which you as his superior officer highly disapprove. He asks me to appeal to you on his behalf because we have been acquainted with each other. His father is agent to my uncle Lord Persiflage, and we have met at my uncle's house. I do not dare to put this forward as a plea for mercy. But I understand that Mr. Crocker is about to be married almost immediately, and, perhaps, you will feel with me that a period in a man's life which should be beyond all others be one of satisfaction, of joy, and of perfect contentment, may be regarded with a feeling of mercy which would be prejudicial if used more generally."

"Your faithful servant,

"HAMPSTEAD"

When he wrote those words as to the period of joy and satisfaction his own heart was sore, sore, almost to breaking. There could never be such joy, never be such satisfaction for him.

CHAPTER LVIII.

"DISMISSAL. B. B."

By return of post Lord Hampstead received the following answer to his letter;—

"MY DEAR LORD HAMPSTEAD,—

"Mr. Crocker's case is a *very bad one*, but the Postmaster General shall see your appeal, and his lordship will, I am sure, sympathise with your humanity—as do I also. I cannot take upon myself to say what his lordship will think it right to do, and it will be better, therefore, that you should abstain for the present from communicating with Mr. Crocker."

"I am,

"Your lordship's very faithful servant,

"BOREAS BODKIN."

Any excuse was sufficient to our Æolus to save him from the horror of dismissing a man. He knew well that Crocker, as a public servant, was not worth his salt. Sir Boreas was blessed—or cursed—with a conscience, but the stings of his conscience, though they were painful, did not hurt him so much as those of his feelings. He had owned to himself on this occasion that Crocker must go. Crocker was in every way distasteful to him. He was not only untrustworthy and incapable, but audacious also, and occasionally impudent. He was a clerk of whom he had repeatedly said that it would be much better to pay him his salary and let him have perpetual leave of absence, than keep him even if there were no salary to be paid. Now there had come a case on which it was agreed by all the office that the man must go. Destroy a bundle of official papers! Mr. Jerningham had been heard to declare that the law was in fault in not having provided that a man should be at once sent to Newgate for doing such a thing. "The stupid old fool's letters weren't really worth anything," Sir Boreas had said, as though attempting to palliate the crime! Mr. Jerningham had only shaken his head. What else could he do? It was not for him to dispute any matter with Sir Boreas. But to his thinking the old gentleman's letters had become precious documents, priceless records, as soon as they had once been bound by the red tape of the Government, and enveloped by the security of an official pigeon-hole. To stay away without leave,—to be drunk,—to be obstinately idle,—to be impudent, were great official sins; but Mr. Jerningham was used to them, and knew that as they had often occurred before, so would they re-occur. Clerks are mortal men, and will be idle, will be reckless, will sometimes get into disreputable rows. A little added severity, Mr. Jerningham thought, would improve his branch of the department, but, knowing the nature of men, the nature especially of Sir Boreas, he could make excuses. Here, however, was a case in which no superior Civil Servant could entertain a doubt. And yet Sir Boreas palliated even this crime! Mr. Jerningham shook his head, and Sir Boreas shoved on one side, so as to avoid for a day the pain of thinking about them,—the new bundle of papers which had already formed itself on the great Crocker case. If some one would tear up that, what a blessing it would be to him!

In this way there was delay, during which Crocker was not allowed to show his face at the office, and during this delay Clara Demijohn became quite confirmed in her determination to throw over her engagement. Tribbledale with his 120*l.* would be much better than Crocker with nothing. And then it was agreed generally in Paradise Row that there was something romantic in Tribbledale's constancy. Tribbledale was in the Row every day,—or perhaps rather every night;—seeking counsel from Mrs. Grimley, and comforting himself with hot gin and water. Mrs. Grimley was good-natured, and impartial to both the young men. She liked customers, and she liked marriages generally. "If he ain't got no income of course he's out of the running," Mrs. Grimley said to Tribbledale, greatly comforting the young man's heart. "You go in and win," said Mrs. Grimley, indicating by that her opinion that the ardent suitor would probably be successful if he urged his love at the present moment. "Strike while the iron is hot," she said, alluding probably to the heat to which Clara's anger would be warmed by the feeling that the other lover had lost his situation just when he was most bound to be careful in maintaining it.

Tribbledale went in and pleaded his case. It is probable that just at this time Clara herself was made acquainted with Tribbledale's frequent visits to The Duchess, and though she may not have been pleased with the special rendezvous selected, she was gratified by the devotion shown. When Mrs. Grimley advised Tribbledale to "go in and win," she was, perhaps, in Clara's confidence. When a girl has told all her friends that she is going to be married, and has already expended a considerable portion of the sum of money allowed for her wedding garments, she cannot sink back into the simple position of an unengaged young woman without pangs of conscience and qualms of remorse. Paradise Row knew that her young man was to be dismissed from his office, and consoled with her frequently and most unpleasantly. Mrs. Duffer was so unbearable in the matter that the two ladies had quarrelled dreadfully. Clara from the first moment of her engagement with Crocker

had been proud of the second string to her bow, and now perceived that the time had come in which might be conveniently used it.

It was near eleven when Tribbledale knocked at the door of No. 10, but nevertheless Clara was up, as was also the servant girl, who opened the door for the sake of discretion. "Oh, Daniel, what hours you do keep!" said Clara, when the young gentleman was shown into the parlour. "What on earth brings you here at such a time as this?"

Tribbledale was never slow to declare that he was brought thither by the overwhelming ardour of his passion. His love for Clara was so old a story, and had been told so often, that the repeating of it required no circumlocution. Had he chanced to meet her in the High Street on a Sunday morning, he would have begun with it at once. "Clara," he said, "will you have me? I know that that other scoundrel is a ruined man."

"Oh, Daniel, you shouldn't hit those as are down."

"Hasn't he been hitting me all the time that I was down? Hasn't he triumphed? Haven't you been in his arms?"

"Law! No."

"And wasn't that hitting me when I was down, do you think?"

"It never did you any harm."

"Oh, Clara;—if you knew the nature of my love you'd understand the harm. Every time he has pressed your lips I have heard it, though I was in King's Head Court all the time."

"That must be a crammer, Daniel."

"I did;—not with the ears of my head, but with the fibres of my breast."

"Oh;—ah. But Daniel, you and Sam used to be such friends at the first go off."

"Go off of what?"

"When he first took to coming after me. You remember the tea-party, when Marion Fay was here."

"I tried it on just then;—I did. I thought that maybe I might come not to care about it so much."

"I'm sure you acted it very well."

"And I thought that perhaps it might be the best way of touching that cold heart of yours."

"Cold! I don't know as my heart is colder than anybody else's heart."

"Would that you would make it warm once more for me."

"Poor Sam!" said Clara, putting her handkerchief up to her eyes.

"Why is he any poorer than me? I was first. At any rate I was before him."

"I don't know anything about firsts or lasts," said Clara, as the ghosts of various Banquos flitted before her eyes.

"And as for him, what right has he to think of any girl? He's a poor mean creature, without the means of getting so much as a bed for a wife to lie on. He used to talk so proud of Her Majesty's Civil Service. Her Majesty's Civil Service has sent him away packing."

"Not yet, Daniel."

"They have. I've made it my business to find out, and Sir Boreas Bodkin has written the order to-day. 'Dismissal—B. B.' I know those who have seen the very words written in the punishment book of the Post Office."

"Poor Sam!"

"Destroying papers of the utmost importance about Her Majesty's Mail Service! What else was he to expect? And now he's penniless."

"A hundred and twenty isn't so very much, Daniel."

"Mr. Fay was saying only the other day that if I was married and settled they'd make it better for me."

"You're too fond of 'The Duchess,' Daniel."

"No, Clara;—no; I deny that. You ask Mrs. Grimley why it is I come to 'The Duchess' so often. It isn't for anything that I take there."

"Oh; I didn't know. Young men when they frequent those places generally do take something."

"If I had a little home of my own with the girl I love on the other side of the fireplace, and perhaps a baby in her arms—" Tribbledale as he said this looked at her with all his eyes.

"Laws, Daniel; what things you do say!"

"I should never go then to any 'Duchess,' or any 'Marquess of Granby,' or to any 'Angel.' These were public-houses so named all standing thick together in the neighbourhood of Paradise Row. "I should not want to go anywhere then,—except where that young woman and that baby were to be found."

"Daniel, you was always fine at poetry."

"Try me, if it isn't real prose. The proof of the pudding's in the eating. You come and try." By this time Clara was in his arms, and the re-engagement was as good as made. Crocker was no doubt dismissed,—or if not dismissed had shown himself to be unworthy. What could be expected of a husband who could tear up a bundle of Her Majesty's Mail papers? And then Daniel Tribbledale had exhibited a romantic constancy which certainly deserved to be rewarded. Clara understood that the gin-and-water had been consumed night after night for her sake. And there were the lodgings and the clock and the harmonium ready for the occasion. "I suppose it had better be so, Daniel, as you wish it so much."

"Wish it! I have always wished it. I wouldn't change places now with Mr. Pogson himself."

"He married his third wife three years ago!"

"I mean in regard to the whole box and dice of it. I'd rather have my Clara with 120*l.*, than be Pogson and Littlebird with all the profits." This gratifying assurance was rewarded, and then, considerably after midnight, the triumphant lover took his leave.

Early on the following afternoon Crocker was in Paradise Row. He had been again with Lord Hampstead, and had succeeded in worming out of the good-natured nobleman something of the information contained in the letter from Sir Boreas. The matter was to be left to the Postmaster-General. Now there was an idea in the office that when a case was left to his lordship, his lordship never proceeded to extremities. Kings are bound to pardon if they allow themselves to be personally concerned as to punishment. There was something of the same feeling in regard to official discipline. As a fact the letter from Sir Boreas had been altogether false. He had known, poor man, that he must at last take the duty of deciding upon himself, and had used the name of the great chief simply as a mode of escape for the moment. But Crocker had felt that the mere statement indicated pardon. The very delay indicated pardon. Relying upon these indications he went to Paradise Row, dressed in his best frock coat, with gloves in his hand, to declare to his love that the lodgings need not be abandoned, and that the clock and harmonium might be preserved.

"But you've been dismissed!" said Clara.

"Never! never!"

"It has been written in the book! 'Dismissal—B. B.' I know the eyes that have seen it."

"That's not the way they do it at all," said Crocker, who was altogether confused.

"It has been written in the book, Sam; and I know that they never go back from that."

"Who wrote it? Nothing has been written. There isn't a book;—not at least like that. Tribbledale has invented it."

"Oh, Sam, why did you tear those papers;—Her Majesty's Mail papers? What else was there to expect? 'Dismissal—B. B.' Why did you do it,—and you engaged to a young woman? No;—don't come nigh to me. How is a young woman to go and get herself

married to a young man, and he with nothing to support her? It isn't to be thought of. When I heard those words, 'Dismissal—B. B.,' I thought my very heart would sink within me."

"It's nothing of the kind," said Crocker.

"What's nothing of the kind?"

"I ain't dismissed at all."

"Oh, Sam; how dare you?"

"I tell you I ain't. He's written a letter to Lord Hampstead, who has always been my friend. Hampstead wasn't going to see me treated after that fashion. Hampstead wrote, and then Æolus wrote,—that's Sir Boreas—and I've seen the letter,—that is, Hampstead told me what there is in it; and I ain't to be dismissed at all. When I heard the good news the first thing I did was to come as fast as my legs would carry me, and tell the girl of my heart."

Clara did not quite believe him;—but then neither had she quite believed Tribbledale, when he had announced the dismissal with the terrible corroboration of the great man's initials. But the crime committed seemed to her to be so great that she could not understand that Crocker should be allowed to remain after the perpetration of it. Crocker's salary was 150*l.*; and, balancing the two young men together as she had often done, though she liked the poetry of Tribbledale, she did on the whole prefer the swagger and audacity of Crocker. Her Majesty's Civil Service, too, had its charms for her. The Post Office was altogether superior to Pogson and Littlebird's. Pogson and Littlebird's hours were 9 to 5. Those of Her Majesty's Service were much more genteel;—10 namely to 4. But what might not a man do who had shown the nature of his disposition by tearing up official papers? And then, though the accidents of the occasion had enveloped her in difficulties on both sides, it seemed to her that, at the present moment, the lesser difficulties would be encountered by adhering to Tribbledale. She could excuse herself with Crocker. Paradise Row had already declared that the match with Crocker must be broken off. Crocker had indeed been told that the match was to be broken off. When Tribbledale had come to her overnight she had felt herself to be a free woman. When she had given way to the voice of the charmer, when she had sunk into his arms, softened by that domestic picture which he had painted, no pricks of conscience had disturbed her happiness. Whether the "Dismissal—B. B." had or had not yet been written, it was sure to come. She was as free to "wed another" as was Venice when her Doge was deposed. She could throw herself back upon the iniquity of the torn papers were he to complain. But should she now return to her Crocker, how could she excuse herself with Tribbledale? "It is all over between you and me, Sam," she said with her handkerchief up to her eyes.

"All over! Why should it be all over?"

"You was told it was all over."

"That was when all the Row said that I was to be dismissed. There was something in it,—then; though, perhaps, a girl might have waited till a fellow had got up upon his legs again."

"Waiting ain't so pleasant, Mr. Crocker, when a girl has to look after herself."

"But I ain't dismissed at all, and there needn't be any waiting. I thought that you would be suffering as well as me, and so I came right away to you, all at once."

"So I have suffered, Sam. No one knows what I have suffered."

"But it'll come all right now?" Clara shook her head. "You don't mean that Tribbledale's been and talked you over already?"

"I knew Mr. Tribbledale before ever I saw you, Sam."

"How often have I heard you call him a poor mean skunk?"

"Never, Crocker; never. Such a word never passed my lips."

"Something very like it then."

"I may have said he wanted sperrit. I may have said so, though I disremember it. But if I did—what of that?"

"You despised him."

"No, Crocker. What I despise is a man as goes and tears up Her Majesty's mail papers. Tribbledale never tore up anything at Pogson and Littlebird's,—except what was to be tore. Tribbledale was never turned out for nigh a fortnight, so that he couldn't go and show his face in King's Head Court. Tribbledale never made himself hated by everybody." That unknown abominable word which Crocker had put into her mouth had roused all the woman within her, so that she was enabled to fight her battle with a courage which would not have come to her aid had he been more prudent.

"Who hates me?"

"Mr. Jerningham does, and Roden, and Sir Boreas, and Boffin." She had learned all their names. "How can they help hating a man that tears up the mail papers! And I hate you."

"Clara!"

"I do. What business had you to say I used that nasty word? I never do use them words. I wouldn't even so much as look at a man who'd demean himself to put such words as them into my mouth. So I tell you what it is, Mr. Crocker; you may just go away. I am going to become Daniel Tribbledale's wife, and it isn't becoming in you to stand here talking to a young woman that is engaged to another young man."

"And this to be the end of it."

"If you please, Mr. Crocker."

"Well!"

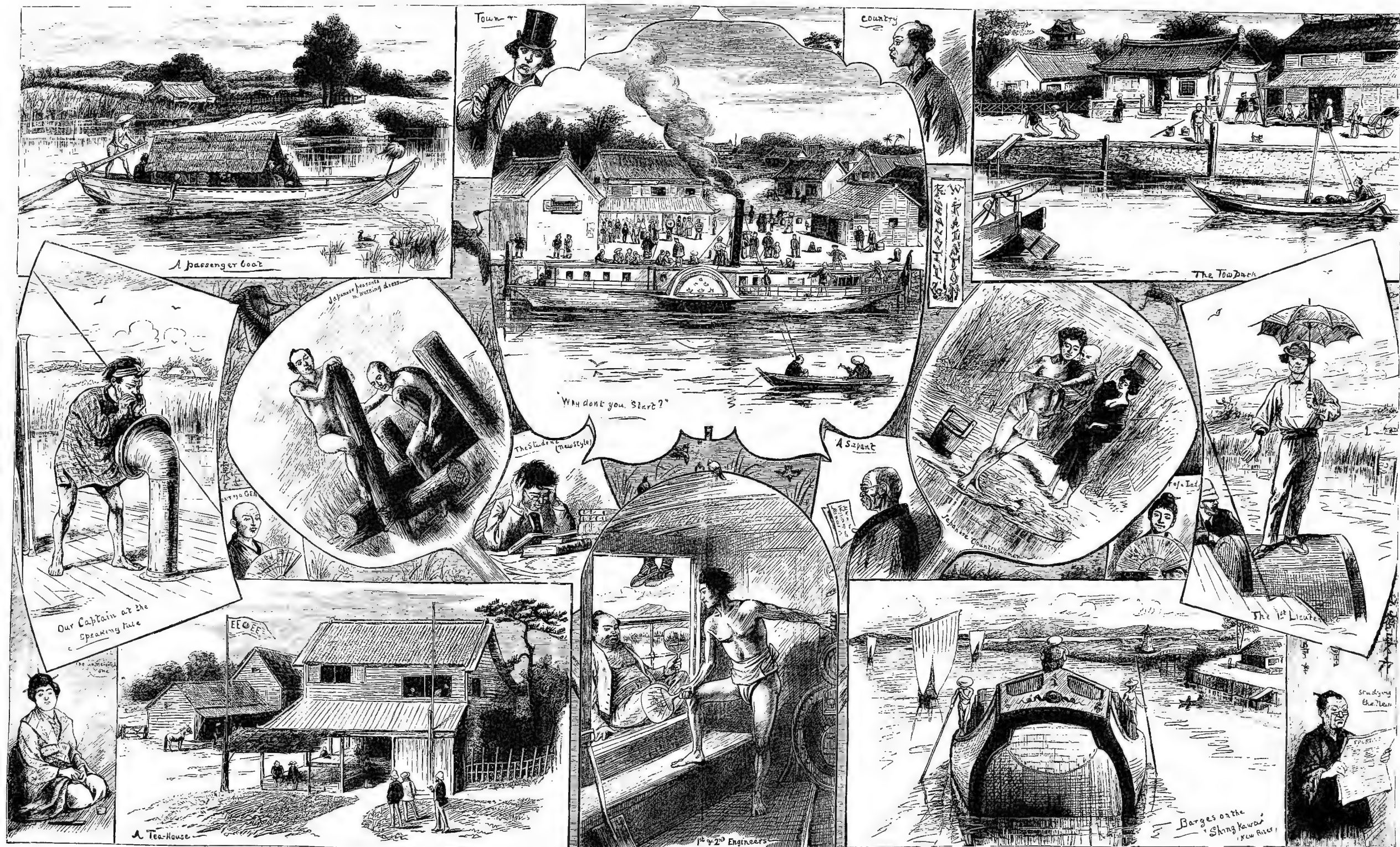
"If ever you feel inclined to speak your mind to another young woman, and you carry it as far as we did, and you wishes to hold on to her, don't you go and tear Her Majesty's mail papers. And when she tells you a bit of her mind, as I did just now, don't you go and put nasty words into her mouth. Now, if you please, you may just as well send over that clock and that harmonium to Daniel Tribbledale, Esq., King's Head Court, Great Broad Street." So saying she left him, and congratulated herself on having terminated the interview without much unpleasantness.

Crocker, as he shook the dust off his feet upon leaving Paradise Row, began to ask himself whether he might not upon the whole congratulate himself as to the end to which that piece of business had been brought. When he had first resolved to offer his hand to the young lady, he had certainly imagined that that hand would not be empty. Clara was no doubt "a fine girl," but not quite so young as she was once. And she had a temper of her own. Matrimony, too, was often followed by many troubles. Paradise Row would no doubt utter jeers, but he need not go there to hear them. He was not quite sure but that the tearing of the papers would in the long run be beneficial to him.

(To be continued)



WHEN it comes to pass that a Chair of Fiction is endowed in some old or new University, we are strongly of opinion that the first Professor should be Mr. James Payn. His are the novels of a writer who has, at the point of his pen, not only everything that ought to be done, but the knowledge of everything that ought to be done, and the skeleton of one of his works—if the preparation of a skeleton forms any part of his process—would be eminently worth a student's study. "For Cash Only" (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus) is eminently a professor's work—not by any means a first-rate novel, but evidently inspired by the exact and systematic knowledge of how a first-rate novel should be manufactured if mere manufacture were possible. Indeed genius, which is the last thing wanted in a



A RIVER EXCURSION IN JAPAN

professor, seems to be the only thing required, unless it be a little more concealment of the art in which he is certainly not wanting. The story is admirably managed: it catches the attention at once, and, with scarcely any help from those violent forms of incident upon which the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd" founded his reputation, keeps interest alive to the end—or, if not always interest, always curiosity. Scarcely a point of any sort is introduced which has not a direct if not indispensable bearing upon the plot, and the characters are so drawn as to make the course of their combined histories inevitable. For one matter it is impossible to commend Mr. Payn's latest novel too highly. That matter is not his courage in painting villainy as villainy, and virtue and honesty as virtue and honesty, without compromise, though that is much, considering how much the acceptance of mixed motives is in vogue. It is that no fear of being charged with bad taste has kept him from a direct and open attack upon a certain sort of fiction, written by women for women, which has become the most popular of our time. He is right, as everybody knows, in holding that the lives and the views of life of impressionable girls are constantly coloured and often spoiled by what manly men may call trash, but cannot afford to despise. Mr. Payn, though he gives to a novel that he affects to call "Butterflies" an important bearing upon his story, cannot be accused of wasting the wheel upon a butterfly. Another welcome quality in "For Cash Only" is that the author has taken less pains than usual to deserve his unique reputation for being high-spirited. Now and then he remembers his self-imposed duties and cuts a somewhat awkward caper, but on the whole he has been content to write easily and naturally, with the result of greatly increasing his own strength and his readers' pleasure.

"The Poetry of Industry and Home is deeper than the Poetry of Strife" is the title-page motto chosen by Elizabeth Boyd Bayly for "Alfreda Holme," a story of social life in Australia (1 vol.: Jarrold and Sons). We fear that a very large body of romantic readers will always be of different opinion, or will, at any rate, refuse to consider depth as an advantage in fiction, whatever it may be in poetry. Miss Bayly, however, is true to her belief, and has made her story turn entirely upon the attempts of a good girl to be better, with no worse troubles upon her than a shadowy misunderstanding with an excellent step-father and the evils of the world at large. The tone of the work is distinctly and decidedly religious, without being controversial or one-sided, and as such may be cordially recommended to circles of readers who, not unnaturally, nor by any means unwisely, object to the indiscriminate introduction of fiction in general. Its influence is not likely to be great, but will certainly be wholesome so far as it goes. As a picture of Australian society it has the merit of being obviously founded upon original observation; and on the whole the motives of "Alfreda Holme" are so excellent, and its method so earnest, as to remove it from the region of ordinary criticism.

Novels from America very rarely justify their importation. "Esau Hardery," a novel of American life, by William Osborn Stoddard (1 vol.: New York, White and Stokes), appears to be a mere sample of the great manufacture of fiction carried on upon both sides of the Atlantic, and therefore—like similar samples of English make—best kept at home. But readers who, having devoured the whole of the home produce, want more than our own makers of books, however diligent, are able to supply, will find in "Esau Hardery" a work quite up to their accustomed average. The scene is laid in a western township, among farmers and deacons, with an excursion into city life, which does not bear the comparison by any means well. The general effect is that of a collection of detached scenes and characters which have separately struck Mr. Stoddard as material for fiction, with the result of a story written in order to introduce them. The dénouement is brought about by the familiar machinery of heart disease operating just at the right moment and in the right way, and in other respects the novel is strictly conventional, except in the absence—we are tempted to say the fortunate absence—of the peculiar characteristics of recent American fiction. Mr. Stoddard gives us neither dry humour nor transcendental psychology, and thus merits considerable negative, if but little positive, praise. Some of his scenes are really amusing, and his characters are life-like.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY III.

Two of the largest and most important works in the department of historic genre, "The Banquet" (609), by Mr. J. D. Linton, and "The Favourite" (628), by Mr. Seymour Lucas, hang as companions in the Sixth Gallery. Mr. Linton's picture is one of a series of six, illustrating the history of a soldier of the sixteenth century, two of which have already appeared. The hero is now seen beside a European potentate who, with his consort, sits under a rich canopy, emblazoned with heraldic devices, at a banquet spread in a courtyard open to the sky. The picture recalls the work of Paolo Veronese in its general arrangement, and in the air of refined splendour which pervades it, to which the stately architecture and the wealth of colour in the sumptuous costumes, the flowers, and the gold plate materially conduce. The figure of the Oriental girl in the foreground dancing, with her back to the spectator, seems to us rather a discordant element in the composition, but, apart from this, the picture is entitled to the highest praise for its truthful characterisation and combined strength and refinement of style, as well as for its brilliant illumination, and the skill in rendering various textures and surfaces which it displays.—The subject of Mr. Seymour Lucas's picture is more dramatic, and he has skilfully availed himself of the opportunity it affords for the display of varied character and expression. Envy, hatred, and fear are expressed with unexaggerated force in the heads of the courtiers of the sixteenth century, assembled in an ante-room, as the reigning favourite, followed by his secretary, approaches them. The figures are naturally posed and well grouped, and the picture in every part bears evidence of careful consideration. Mr. Lucas also sends a picture of two soldiers arguing over the plan of a fortification, called "Disputed Strategy" (745); and another, showing a peasant of the last century brought before a military tribunal. These, as well as the larger picture, are agreeable in colour, and painted with well-restrained mastery.

A large picture of "The Death of Siward the Strong, Earl of Northumberland" (558), who, in full armour, is reclining on a couch in the open air, surrounded by the women of his family, monks, and soldiers, is an excellent example of Mr. Val Prinsep's work. There is not very much expression in the heads, but the composition is excellent, and every part of the picture is painted with great strength and solidity.—Mr. S. E. Waller's large picture of moss-troopers returning from a foray with a wounded companion, being welcomed at a castle gate by their "Sweethearts and Wives" (551), which hangs near it, looks rather weak and flimsy by comparison. But though the painter's executive method is not well adapted to work on so large a scale, the work displays a great amount of ability, the horses as well as the human figures being well-designed and skilfully grouped.—By Mr. H. Woods, who has recently been elected an Associate, there is a very clever picture, showing a party of vivacious and comely girls by a fountain, in a sunny courtyard, examining the wares of an itinerant "Venetian Fan-Seller" (526). There is a slight tendency to gaudiness of colour, the scarlet and orange tints that are liberally scattered about the canvas being rather too *royal*; but the work is entitled to very high praise for its vivacity of design, its brilliant illumination, and finished workmanship.—The same fine technical qualities, together with great skill in charac-

terisation, are to be seen in this painter's "Bargaining for an Old Master" (182), hanging in the second room. The old connoisseur who is leaning forward to examine a dirty old picture lying on the ground, and the Jewish dealer seated outside his shop, are true types of character, and, as well as the subordinate figures, they are natural and expressive in their movements. They suffer, however, from the distracting influence of the still-life objects which the painter has introduced with unnecessary profusion.—Much power of an uncultivated kind is displayed in a large picture by Mr. W. Christian Symonds, "Margaret of Anjou and the Robber of Hexham" (533). The incident is dramatically set forth, but the want of deliberate design and study is in many parts apparent, especially in the draperies, which, for the most part, are vague in form and unmeaning. The picture is painted throughout in a broad, facile, and effective style that seems in danger of degenerating into mannerism.

On entering the Seventh Gallery we come upon a picture showing a great amount of technical accomplishment by Mr. J. Griffiths, an artist hitherto unknown to us—"Ajanta Caves, A.D. 600" (660). The Hindoos, who are devoutly prostrating themselves at the entrance of the rock-hewn temple, are admirably designed, and, as well as the stately and richly-decorated architecture which forms an important feature in the composition, they are painted with great firmness and solidity, in a style that distinctly shows the influence of foreign training.—Mr. E. A. Waterlow's "Home Again" (671) is a pleasant and truthful picture of rural life, representing a group of peasants waiting in a country road for a stage-coach which is seen in the distance. In no former work has the painter succeeded in combining figures and landscape so harmoniously.—Mr. Nicholas Chevalier's "The Convalescent: Interior of a Buddhist Monastery, China" (688) is noteworthy for its fresh and unconventional mode of treatment, as well as for the novelty of the subject. The picture is luminous in tone, full of local colour, and accurate in detail.—In Gaetano Bellei's "Cara Nonna" (699) the head of the aged nurse, and that of the little girl who is fondly embracing her, are full of character and strikingly life-like in expression.—Mr. Carl Schloesser sends a small picture, "Pianissimo" (746), in his accustomed refined and finished style, remarkable for the grace and beauty of the girl who is taking a music-lesson, and for the expressive gesture of her master; and another, almost equally good, of an old professor tuning his piano, called "Out of Tune" (618).—A picture of considerable size by Mr. W. C. Horsley, "There is no God but God" (522), represents three Mussulmans, each on his own square of carpet, engaged in their devotions on the deck of a large passenger steamship. These figures have evidently been carefully studied from nature, and among the European passengers, which include English men and women, and fat Greeks, are many strikingly-true types of character. The composition is rather scattered, but the picture is well painted, and entirely free from the blackness and opacity of colour observable in the artist's earlier productions.

The large sea-coast picture, "The Grey of the Morning" (506), by Mr. J. Brett, is remarkable, like most of his works, rather for the truth and beauty of its individual features than for its general harmony and keeping. All the details of the foreground, including the huge rocks thickly covered by sea-weed and limpets, are painted with extraordinary realistic force, but the sea is of a harsh metallic colour, and the sky is thin, and poor in tone. In a smaller and less laborious work, "A Falling Barometer" (128), the artist has been more successful. The threatening lurid sky and its influence on the sea below are very truthfully rendered, and the picture as a whole is in good keeping. Near this is a picture of a rocky bay, with a group of children in the foreground, by Mr. J. C. Hook, "Castle Building" (123), full of broad daylight, and strongly suggestive of the freshness of sea air. Mr. Hook's fine feeling for natural beauty and his unflinching sense of colour are also shown in a large picture, "Caller Herring" (303), but in this the stalwart fishing girls, and the men who are hauling up baskets of herring from a boat in the immediate foreground, seem to be somewhat too large for the place they occupy. The group, however, regarded without reference to the rest, is altogether excellent, and the more distant features of the scene are rendered with convincing fidelity.—We have seen nothing by Mr. H. W. B. Davis so harmonious in colour or so complete as his large picture, "In Ross-shire" (145). It represents a group of rough Highland cattle and sheep illumined by the warm light of the evening sun, with purple hills enclosing a small lake behind. The animals are drawn and modelled with consummate skill and knowledge, and the effect of light is most truthfully rendered. The picture is remarkable moreover for its beauty of composition, and the perfect harmony that exists between its different elements. It is in every way an admirable work, but there is another by the artist, somewhat similar in subject, "Broken Weather in the Highlands" (1457), scarcely, if at all, inferior to it.—Mr. Vicat Cole's "The Sources of the Thames" (35) and his "Abingdon" (289), present no especial feature of novelty, but they are good examples of his careful and conscientious style, being true in general effect, and showing in every part close study of nature.



MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON AND CO.—Harry Croft Hiller is both poet and musician, as shown by five songs, for which he has supplied both words and music. Prettiest of the group is a serenade for a tenor, "Sweetest Slumber Now Await Thee," which, if sung well, will make a great and favourable impression during the coming out-door season. "Thy Dear Name" and "In the Haven" are tender and touching songs, also for tenor voices; the latter is the better and more original of the two. More dashing and spirited are "The Border Raider," for a bass voice, and "The Queen's Shilling," for a baritone.—From G. Muratori come three songs, for which he has composed the music. "At Night," poetry by Thomas Moore, of medium compass; "Amelia," a *canzone popolare*, for which he has written the words; and "L'Amante," a very commonplace vocal waltz for mezzo-soprano. The English version of the two latter songs is by Maria X. Hayes. Under the title of "The Lover's Waltz" G. Muratori has arranged the last-named song as a pianoforte solo.—The most original and taking piece in our budget is "Danse Pyrrhique," for the pianoforte, by Brownlow. It is safe for an encore whenever it is played.—Very well-intentioned and easy to sing is "Unity," a new Masonic solo and quartet, written and composed by Richard F. Harvey; at the close of a Masonic dinner it will be received with thunders of applause.—A smoothly-written and soothing melody, for the clarinet and pianoforte, is "A Day Dream," composed by C. A. Ranken. It must not be played too soon after dinner.—Will "Alice, Where Art Thou," never be left alone? We hoped it had been set for every known instrument, from a church organ to a pitch pipe; but no, J. Harrington Young has transcribed it for the flute and pianoforte, and done it well. Pity 'tis that he could not have chosen some less threadbare theme. Perhaps M. Ascher might try and write another pretty tune, if he were asked.—There is an ample supply of dash and spirit in Lillie Albrecht's "Fantaisie Maziale," which serves to cover a more commonplace theme than we look for from this clever composer.

MESSRS. DUFF AND STEWART.—"None Can Rob Us of Our Dreams" is the wail of a disappointed lover, music and words by Isidore de Lara; many of us would be glad to be released from our

nocturnal reveries; we have had much better work than the above from this clever composer.—E. L. Hime's "Danse des Paysans" is a lively, brief, and tuneful pianoforte piece.—A very fascinating face attracts attention to "Ma Charmante," a pretty polka by Albert Rosenberg.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Remarkably simple and easy is "The Sons of Strangers," an anthem for tenor, solo, and chorus, the words from Holy Writ, the music by Edward Husband.—"The Albany," a *grande marche triomphale* for the pianoforte, by Gabriel Davis, is one of the feeble compositions dedicated to Prince Leopold, and composed in honour of his marriage, of which so many are making their appearance just now, and with an equal show of merit (Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.).—"Illusion," a song written and composed by Phoebe Otway, evidently has admirers, for it has arrived at a "second edition"; the words are very vague, the music very ambitious (Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co.).—Why will young composers, fresh from the ball-room, go in for writing waltzes, the concentrated essence of what they have danced to? Oscar Metzler will doubtless do better than with "The Silvia Waltz," when he essays a less beaten track (B. Williams).



It will possibly be news to many people to find that Purcell was one of "The Great Musicians." His name is heard often, and his music oftener; but of the man himself little. However, he was, to a very measurable degree, great. The attributes of the true artist, all the refined necessities that make the true musician, are yet to be learned of Purcell. Even Handel did not disdain to take hints from his *Te Deum*; and though, with characteristic modesty, he regarded himself, in relation to his art and its resources, merely as a learner fitted to give it a transient impulse, and then to be forgotten, he really led the way for musical ascendancy in this country, and in the early days of the art in England did great and lasting things. He won the approbation of Pepys, who mentions him in the Diary; better still, he was honestly admired by Corelli, his Italian contemporary, and he seems to have been a favourite of merry Charles II. These, however, are small matters. The proof of his greatness lies in the fact that very many of his compositions are in use to this day. "In these delightful pleasant groves," a four-part chorus from *The Libertine*, is still popular with choral societies; and there are many songs, such as "Come unto these Yellow Sands" and "Full Fathom Five," from *The Tempest*, which are generally admired, and in vogue to this day. His music for the stage, however, is not his greatest. He was chorister and organist of Westminster Abbey, and his fame as a musician rests most solidly upon his ecclesiastical compositions. His *Te Deum* is used more or less in nearly every church in the land; above all, his anthems most powerfully display the grace, variety, sweetness, and dignity of his inspiration, and his great contrapuntal skill; whilst in his canons he has left us numerous models of ingenious contrivance and consummate art. As an instance of his lasting influence, it may be mentioned that one of the two anthems composed for the funeral of Queen Mary, which took place on March 5th, 1695, has been used at every choral funeral at Westminster Abbey and at St. Paul's Cathedral since its production, and Dr. Croft, in setting the Burial Service to music, refrained from composing to the words of Purcell's music, "Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts," on the ground that Purcell was unapproachable. In spite of his greatness, however, and notwithstanding that he was recognised as great in his lifetime, the details of his life remaining to us are few, and clouded with surmise and palpable error. Hence Mr. W. H. Cummings' monograph in the series of "The Great Musicians" (S. Low and Co.) is meagre. It clears up several of the manifest blunders of Sir John Hawkins and Dr. Burney, and it furnishes a good deal of curious information, more, however, about Purcell's family and period than about Purcell himself. But it wants arrangement. It has not literary form, nor style; it is a compilation of notes, jottings, and extracts, rather than a careful independent study of the man and his works.

"The Land of Dykes and Windmills" (S. Low and Co.) is a pleasant enough compilation by Mr. Frederick Spencer Bird. The book is partly made up from a smaller work published by the author in Holland in 1874; which, he says, met with a favourable reception; but some additional matter has been added—information obtained chiefly from old Dutch chronicles and city archives, together with particulars apparently gathered from French and English sources. In short, Mr. Bird contrives to convey a good deal of information, partly new, but mostly old, in an easy, gossiping, readable fashion, judiciously mingled and varied with choice anecdotes.

Signor Alberto B. Bach has issued a second and enlarged edition of his admirable treatise on "Musical Education and Vocal Culture" (Blackwood and Sons). The author is a professional singer of no mean standing, and speaks with authority. The work deals chiefly with vocal rather than general musical culture, and shows not only earnestness and practicality, and an intelligent view of art, but a truly deep knowledge of the scientific branches of the question he has taken up,—such for instance, as the physiology of the vocal organs, the treatment of which shows that the most recent investigations of scientific men have been taken thoroughly into consideration. The new edition, indeed, is something more than the phrase ordinarily implies. It contains a lengthy additional lecture on the important subject of the equalisation of the voice, which strikes us as being not only interesting, but of great value. Signor Bach is not only scientific and literary, but he is enthusiastic as well, and a difficult and intricate subject in his hands is rendered bright and entertaining.

Messrs. S. Low and Co. have commenced a new series of "Handbooks of Practical Art," edited by Mr. Henry B. Wheatley and Mr. P. H. Delamotte. The two first volumes are before us; they are devoted respectively to "Art Work in Earthenware" and "Art Work in Gold and Silver." They are fairly well done, and, as far as their scope allows of completeness, they are complete. As introductions they have undoubted merits. They contain brief histories of the developments of the arts of which they treat, and they are moderately well illustrated with engravings of some of the most remarkable productions in these two branches of so-called Industrial Art.

The elaborate work of Mr. J. S. Smith, entitled "British Mezzotint Portraits Described," has reached the first division or Part IV., the second division of which will bring the undertaking to a conclusion. The engravers dealt with in the division before us are from James Walker to John Young, and with several portraits of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, whose engravers are not ascertained, and probably are not ascertainable. In short, the work, when complete, will be an elaborate descriptive catalogue of portrait engravings from the introduction of the art to the early part of the present century, arranged alphabetically according to the engravers. To collectors and students, therefore, it must prove of the utmost usefulness and convenience. The concluding division will contain a review of the history of the art, an index of painters, an index of personages, and the additions and corrections inevitably gathered up in the course of publication. The work is issued by Messrs. Henry Sotheran and Co.

"A Cyclopædia of Poetical Quotations," edited by H. G. Adams (Groombridge and Sons), is neither better nor worse than its fellows. The book is a new edition of a compilation once much in favour.

Forty-ninth Annual Report of the National Provincial Bank of England (Limited). MAY 11, 1882. SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL, £12,037,500. CAPITAL—Paid, £2,036,250. Uncalled, £970,250. Reserve Liability, £8,025,000. RESERVE FUND, £1,278,750. Number of Shareholders, 6,493. DIRECTORS. The Most Hon. the Mar- QUSS OF AILESBUARY, Sir JAMES SIBBALD DAVID SCOTT, Bart. CHARLES HANBURY FIELD, Esq. JOHN OLIVER HANSON, Esq. DUNCAN MACDONALD, Esq. HENRY PAUL, Esq. JOHN STEWART, Esq. JOINT GENERAL MANAGERS. ROBERT FERGUSON, THOMAS GEORGE ROBINSON, and FREDERICK CHURCHWARD. SOLICITORS. CHARLES NORRIS WILDE, Esq. ERNEST JAMES WILDE, Esq. RICHARD BLANEY WADE, Esq., in the Chair.

The Directors have pleasure in submitting to the Shareholders the following statement of accounts for the year 1881, viz. :— Balance of Undivided Profits from 31st December, 1880, £37,651 3 0 Net Profits for the year 1881, after making provision for bad and doubtful debts, rebate on bills discounted, &c., 403,883 3 2 Less Dividend of 4 per cent. paid in July, 1881, £79,200 0 0 Less Dividend of 4 per cent. paid in January, 1882, 81,450 0 0 Less Bonus of 5 per cent. paid in January, 1882, 99,000 0 0 Less Bonus of 5 per cent. payable in July, 1882, 142,537 10 0

The profits of the past year enable the Directors to recommend a Bonus of 7 per cent. for the half-year ending 31st December last, as now declared, payable in July next; this, with the Dividends and Bonus already paid, makes the total distribution 20 per cent. for the year 1881, free of income-tax. The balance of £39,351 16s. 2d. carried forward to the year 1882, with Reserve Fund of £1,278,750, makes the Rest or Undivided Profits at 31st December, 1881, £1,318,106 2s. 2d. The Reserve Fund, £1,278,750, wholly invested in Government Securities, shows an increase of £145,716 during the year 1881, as stated hereunder, viz. :— Amount at 31st December, 1880, £1,133,034 Premiums on New Shares since received, £145,716

The average of the published rates of the Bank of England for the year 1881 was 4s. 10s. 10d., as compared with 4s. 12s. 2d. for the year 1880. The Directors report with deep regret the death of Mr. Edward Atkinson, who for a great number of years rendered most important and valuable services to the Bank in the varied capacities of Inspector, General Manager, and Honorary Director. The Directors, in anticipation of the early retirement of Mr. FERGUSON, after thirty seven years' service in the Bank, considering the importance of having a successor ready to fill the vacancy that will then take place, have appointed Mr. Churchward, who has been for many years manager of the Rute Docks Branch at Cardiff, to be a Joint General Manager. The following Directors go out of office by rotation, but, being eligible for re-election, offer themselves accordingly, viz. :— The Most Hon. the MARQUESS OF AILESBUARY. HENRY PAUL, Esq. RICHARD BLANEY WADE, Esq.

In conformity with the provisions of the Act, it will be requisite for the Shareholders to elect Auditors and vote their remuneration. Mr. Edwin Waterhouse, of the firm of Messrs. Price, Waterhouse, and Co., and Mr. Roderick Mackay, of the firm of Messrs. R. Mackay and Co., offer themselves for re-election. NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK OF ENGLAND (LIMITED).

DR. 31st DECEMBER, 1881. TO PAID-UP CAPITAL.— 40,000 Shares of £5 each, £200,000 0 0 105,625 " £50 " £12 " 1,267,500 0 0 28,125 " £50 " £10 " 281,250 0 0 16,875 " £50 " £5 " 84,375 0 0

TO RESERVE FUND.— At 31st Dec., 1880, £1,133,034 0 0 Premiums on New Shares received during year 1881, 145,716 0 0

To Amount due by Bank on Deposits, &c., £30,871 216 11 2 To Acceptances, 741,512 9 2

TO PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.— Balance from year 1880, £37,651 3 0 Net Profits for year 1881, 403,883 3 2

Less Dividend paid July, 1881, 79,200 0 0 £362,339 6 2

ASSETS. CR. By CASH.— At Bank of England and at Head Office and Branches, £2,036,250 11 11 At Call and Short Notice, 4,455,720 0 0

BY INVESTMENTS.— English Government Securities, £5,421,903 1 10 Indian Government and other Securities, 1,267,500 0 0 Railways Debentures, &c., 2,941,237 11 4

By Bills Discounted, Loans, &c., £3,263,140 13 2 By Securities against Acceptances, by contra, 18,218,017 5 2

By Banking Premises in London and Country, 576,475 8 1

RICHARD B. WADE, D. MACDONALD, ROBERT WIGRAM, T. G. ROBINSON, F. CHURCHWARD, Joint General Managers.

We beg to report that we have ascertained the correctness of the Cash Balances, and of the Money at Call and Short Notice as entered in the above Balance Sheet, and have inspected the securities representing the investments of the Bank, and found them in order. We have also examined the Balance Sheet in detail with the books at the Head Office, and with the certified returns from each Branch, and in our opinion such Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs as shown by such books and returns.

EDWIN WATERHOUSE, ROD. MACKAY, Auditors.

The above Report having been read—It was unanimously resolved— That the same be adopted and printed for the use of the Proprietors.

That the Most Honourable the Marquess of Ailesbury, Richard Blaney Wade, Esq., and Henry Paul, Esq., be re-elected Directors of the Bank.

That Mr. Edwin Waterhouse and Mr. Roderick Mackay be re-appointed Auditors of the Bank, and that they be paid 400 guineas for their services during the past year.

That the best thanks of the Proprietors be presented to the Directors for their very successful management of the affairs of the Bank.

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GLYKALINE effectually relieves Disorders of the Mucous Membrane, so prevalent in the winter, averts Diphtheria, and unfailingly clears the bronchial tubes. By its use Colds are cured in a few hours. As a most efficacious remedy, GLYKALINE is unprecedented.

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ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE, A LIQUID DENTIFRICE, For the Teeth and Gums. This elegant and approved preparation may be used in all confidence. It cleanses and whitens the Teeth, guards them against decay, improves and preserves the enamel, and hardens the Gums, while benefiting their colour, and, as an astringent, antiseptic, and detergent, the Dentifrice is widely esteemed, and in increasing demand. It effectually disguises the odour of Tobacco. In bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 4d. and 1s. 10d.

BERBERINE, FOR INTERNAL DISORDERS. A new and invaluable discovery, alleviating and removing Headache, Constipation, Derangement of the Liver, Biliousness, and Nausea. This preparation, by stimulating the Stomach, promotes its healthy action, removing Dullness, Giddiness, and the feeling of Prostration. BERBERINE is really excellent for Colic and Complaints of the Bowels, and is a powerful and constant evil it stands unrivalled. Sold by all Chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

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PHOSPHO-MURIATE of Quinine. SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR GENERAL DEBILITY. This reliable Specific possesses numerous important features. It removes Lassitude, braces the system, relieves Headache, tranquillises the Sleep, soothes the Temper, strengthens the Memory, equalises the Spirits, and thus is a corrective of Nervousness, Excitement, and Depression. Sufferers from Exhaustion and Brain weakness will gain speedy relief. Directions with each bottle. 1s. 1½d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d., 3s., and 5s.

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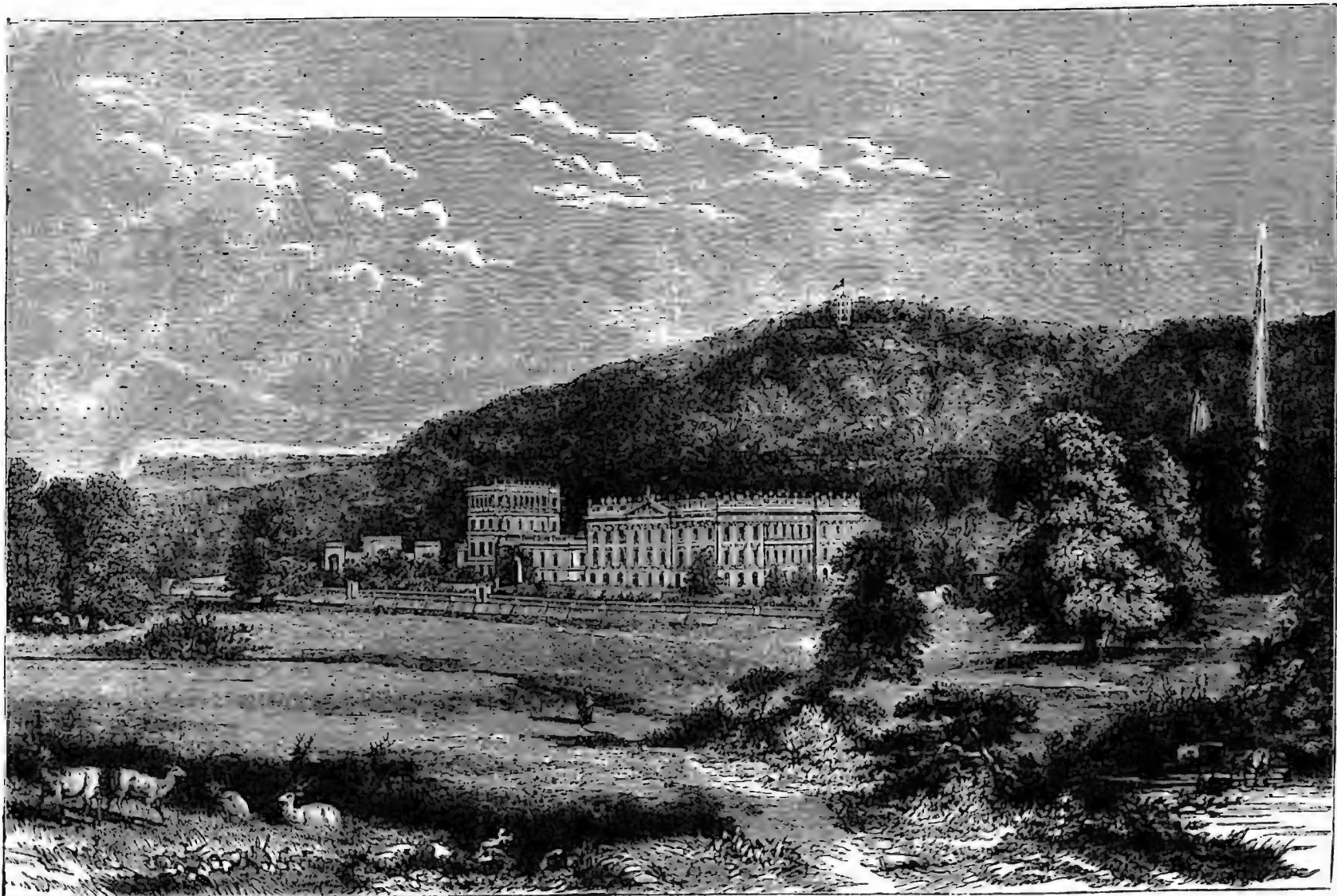
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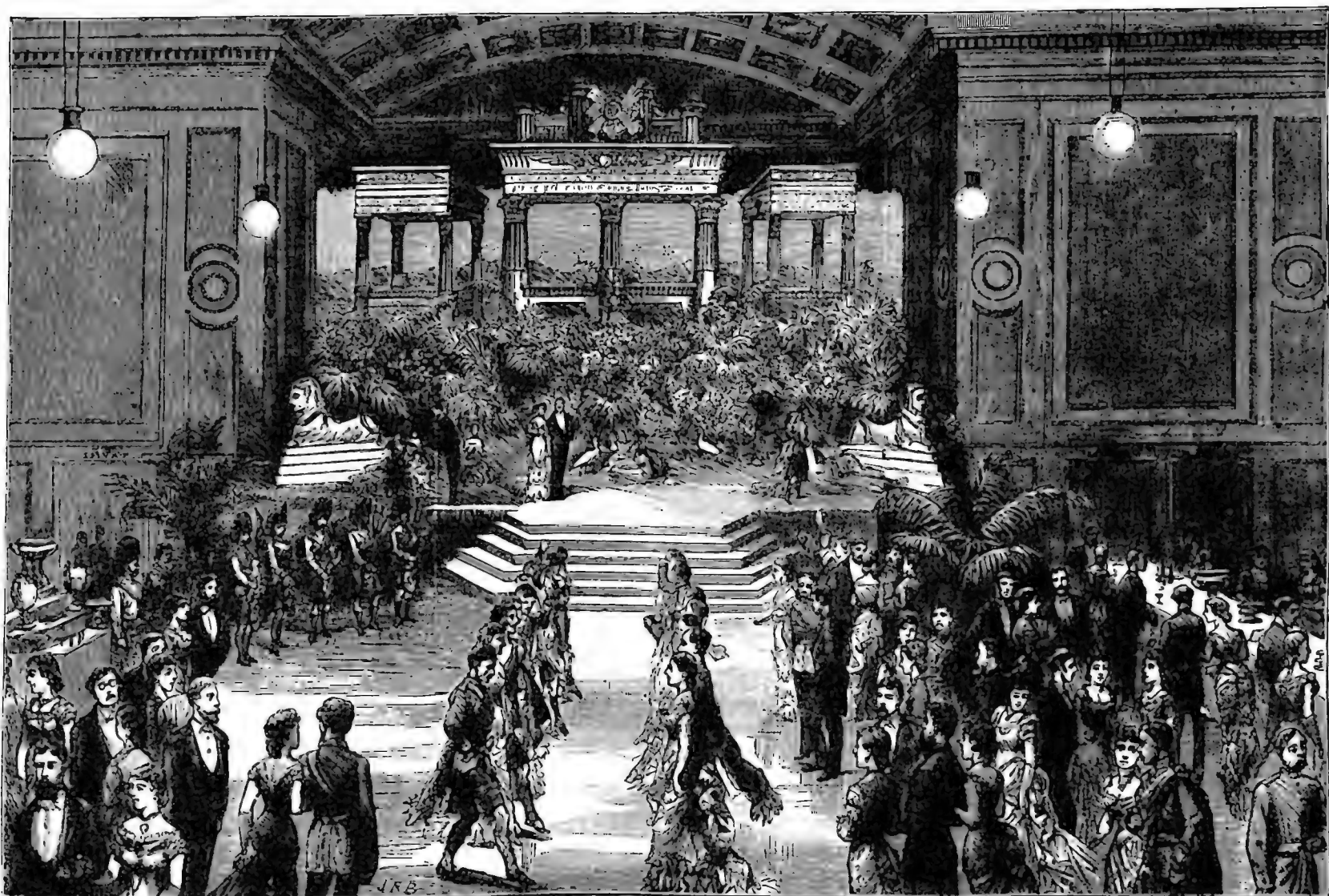
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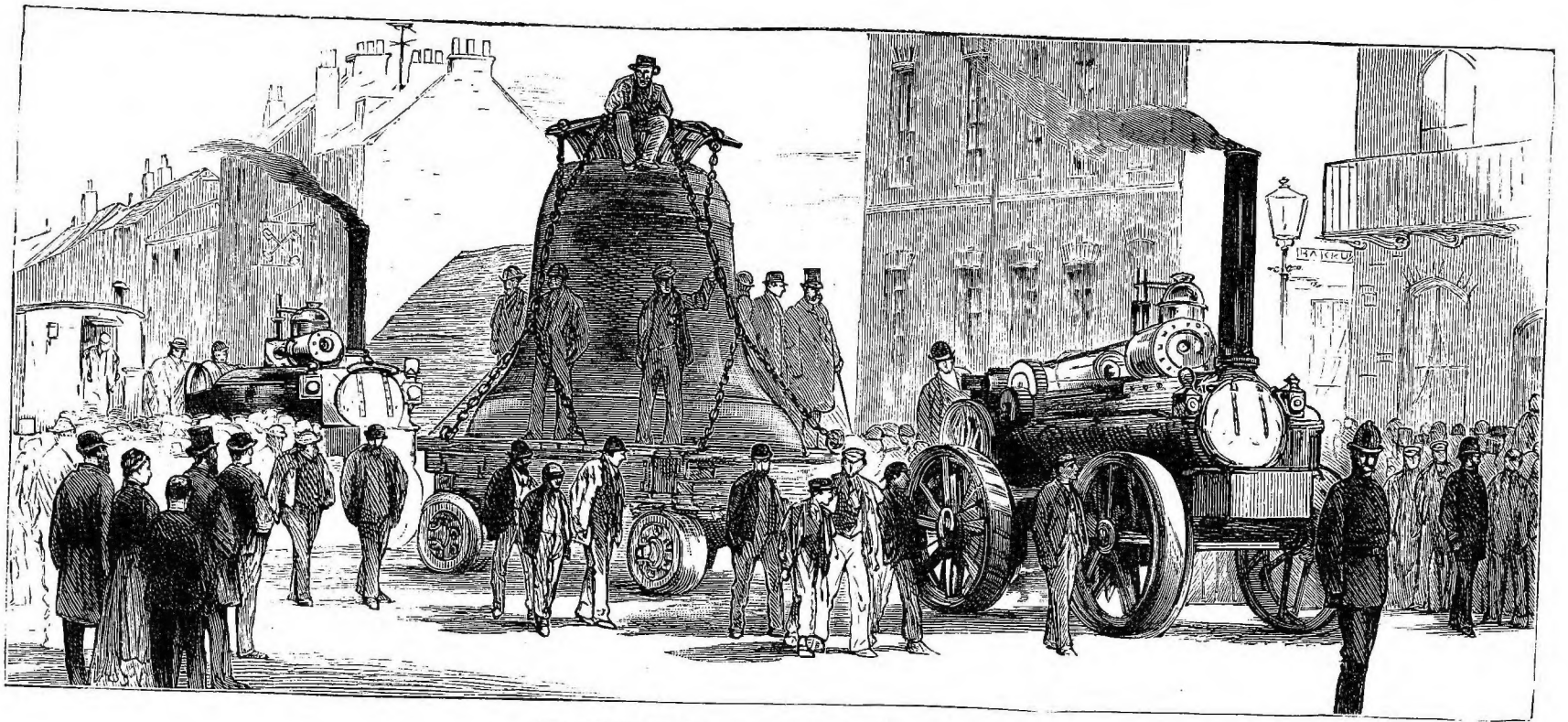
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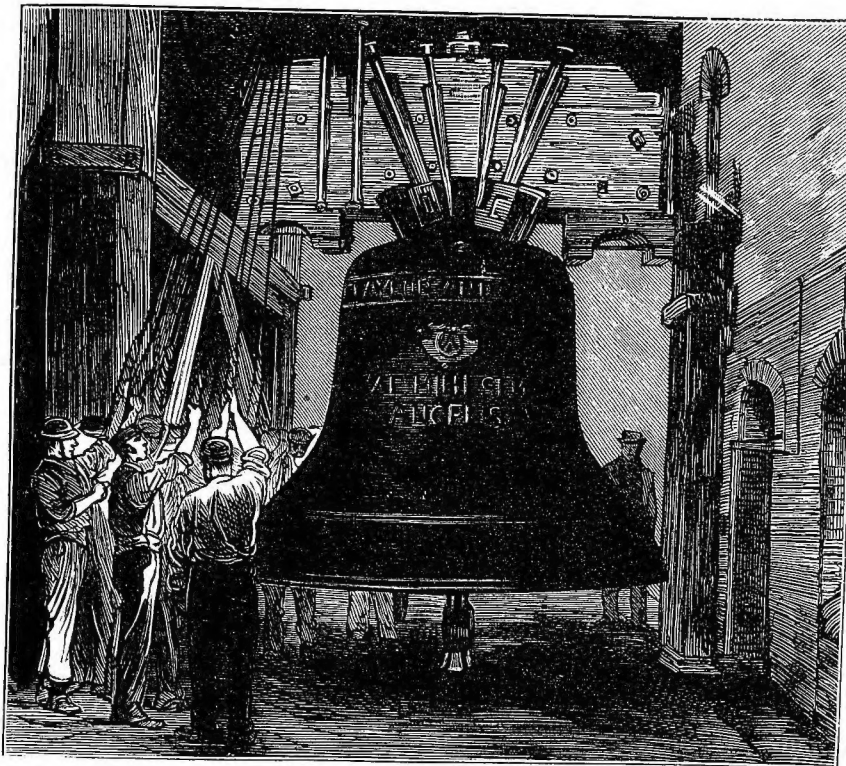
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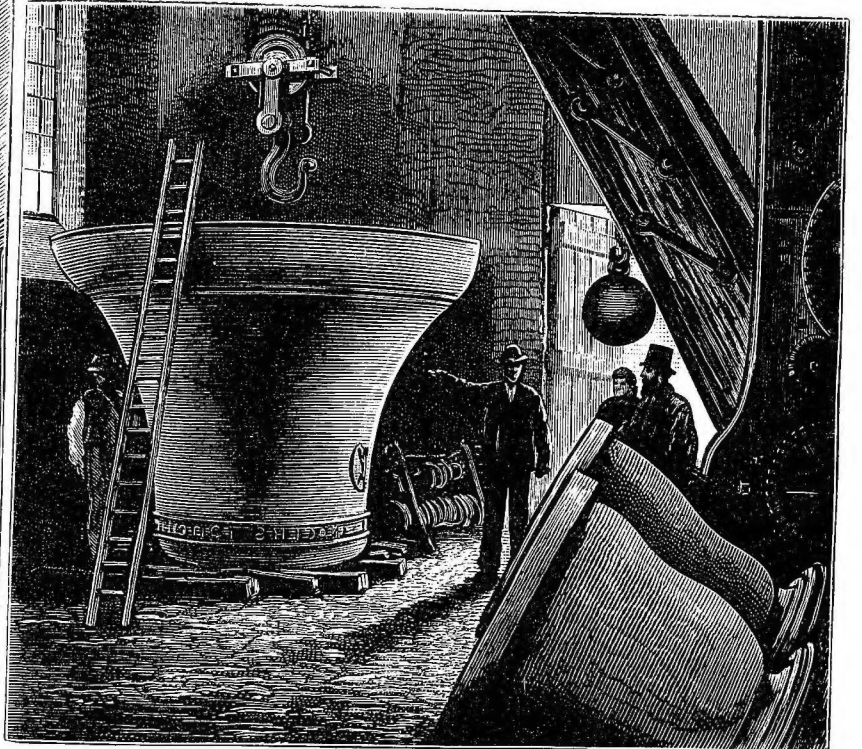
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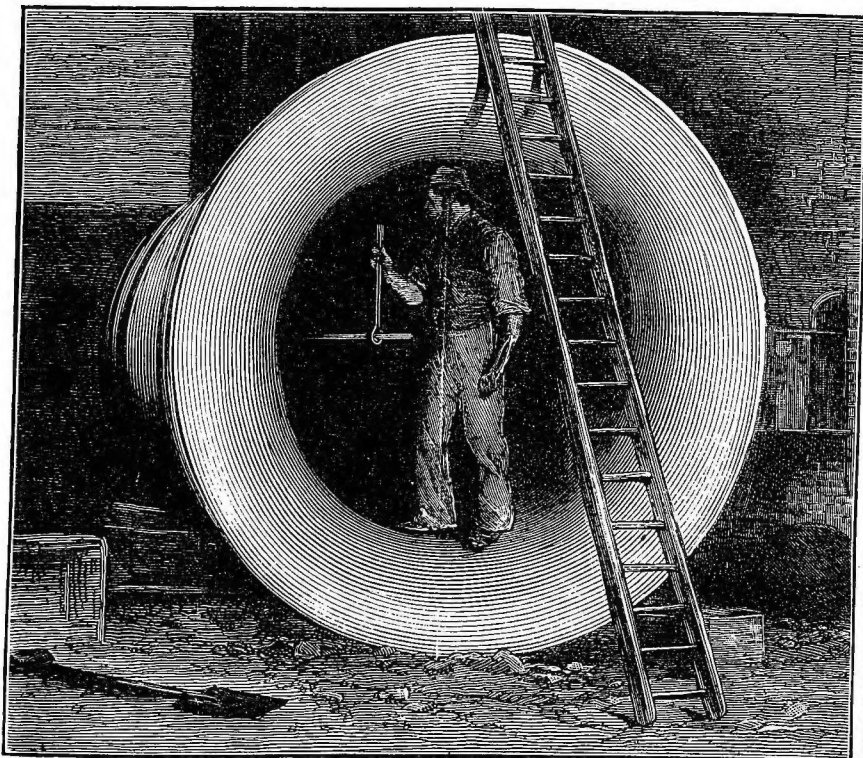
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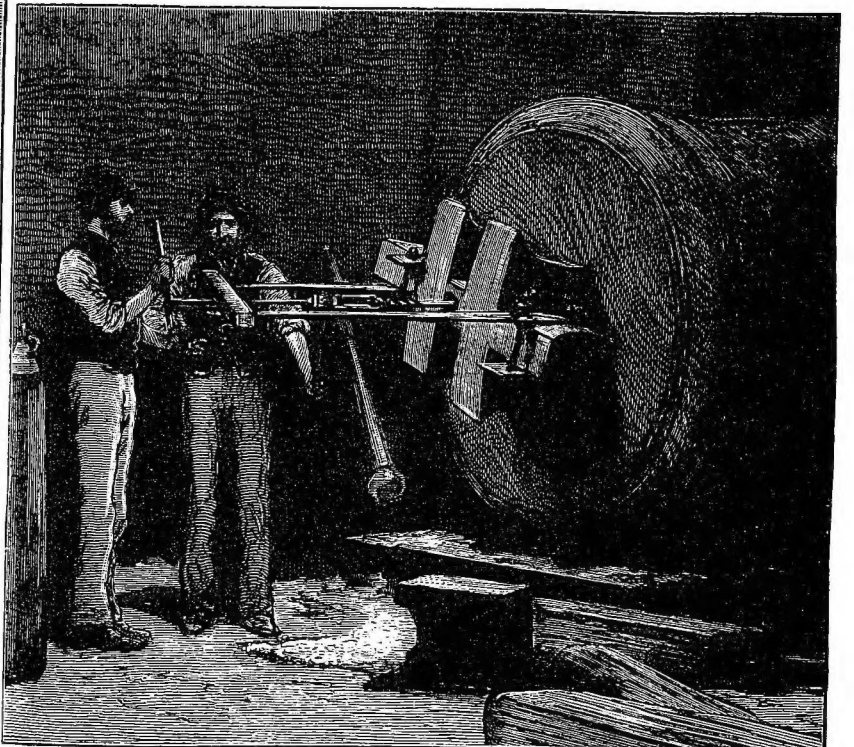
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"GREAT PAUL:" THE NEW BELL FOR ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

self-display and obtrusive mannerism have nothing whatever in common. As such he was doubly welcome, and the unanimous applause he obtained, a fair tribute to his merits, showed how thoroughly he had been appreciated. Later in the evening Signor Sgambati played some solos, the most interesting of which was a gavotte of his own composition. Another noticeable feature of this concert was the picturesque music written by Weber for his friend Wolff's melodrama, *Preziosa* (given last summer, at Drury Lane, by the Saxe-Meiningen Company). A condensed version of the story, recited by Mr. S. Brandram, explained the incidents of the plot, but this was hardly required, the music telling its own tale. The representative of the gipsy-heroine was Miss Santley, who, by her simple and unaffected delivery of the song, "Lonely am I now no longer," gratified all hearers. That the name of Madame Christine Nilsson had a great deal to do with the crowded state of the hall may easily be credited. The accomplished and popular lady, both in Elvira's air from *Don Giovanni*, "Mi tradi quell' alma ingrata," and Schubert's familiar "Serenade" (with orchestral accompaniments by Mr. W. G. Cousins), as usual, enchanted all hearers, and might have repeated the latter had she felt so inclined. The symphony was Beethoven's "Pastoral," and the "voluntary" overture Wagner's *Tannhäuser*—heard a little too often, of late, considering how many fine dramatic preludes exist that are seldom or never brought forward. Both were played as might have been expected from an orchestra like that of the Philharmonic, under so experienced a conductor as Mr. Cousins. Anton Rubinstein's *Paradise Lost* is to be given at the sixth concert.

BERLIN (Correspondence).—Owing to various improvements in contemplation at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, with a view to better security of the public in case of fire, the theatre will be closed on the 7th of June, and not reopened till the last week of September. Although some misunderstanding has led to the dispersion of the well-known Bilse-orchestra, the performances at the Concerthaus will be shortly resumed, the "People's Conductor" having already provided himself with competent substitutes. The Bilse Concerts would be grudgingly spared by the public of this city. The International Exhibition of Musical Instruments, which was to have taken place in the summer of 1883, is postponed *sine die*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The second "cycle" of the *Nibelung* representations came to a termination on Tuesday, with *Götterdämmerung*, and the third was to begin last night with *Rheingold*. There have been changes in the distribution of some of the leading parts, but nothing else to call for special notice in regard to the ordinary tenor of the performances, about the peculiar claims of which to public consideration we must reserve what general observations we have to make until the experiment has been thoroughly wrought out. Meanwhile, the fact that the audiences at the second "cycles" have been considerably less numerous, and considerably less enthusiastic, than those attracted by the first is anything but encouraging to the bold speculators, and goes almost to convince impartial thinkers that a little of Wagner, from time to time, may be good, but that a great deal of him, within a short space of time, is apt to pall.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—On Tuesday night Madame Albani appeared as Mignon. In no character is this gifted artist seen to higher advantage than in the heroine of Ambroise Thomas's now so popular opera, the childish, gay, and sentimental characteristics of which are equally within her grasp; and never have the merits of her performance, vocal and dramatic, extorted heartier recognition. Her chief companions were Madame Valleria (Filina), Mdle. Stahl (Federico), M. Gailhard (Lotario), and Signor Lestellier (Guglielmo). About Signor Lestellier, a new comer, whose "first appearance" has been more than once postponed, we wish to know more before pronouncing a decided opinion. Wilhelm Meister is by no means a grateful part for a *débutant* before an utterly strange audience. That he made a favourable impression on the majority, however, must at once be admitted. Mdle. Stahl—as lively an actress in comic as she is earnest in serious opera, was quite at home as Federico, although her voice—a low mezzo-soprano—is somewhat inharmonious in its deeper tones. The performance on the whole (M. Dupont conducting) was excellent, and the tuneful music of the French composer pleased as much as ever. On Thursday Madame Adelina Patti was to make her *reprise* as Catarina, in *L'Étoile du Nord*—a "gala night," as a matter of course; and on Saturday next the long-missed Pauline Lucca is once again to appear before us, the opera selected for her *début* being Bizet's *Carmen*.

WAIFS.—Recent statistics show that in Belgium there are no fewer than 2,000 musical associations and 1,400 bands, the number of players being 60,000. Who shall say that Belgium is not a musical country?—Another new theatre is in process of erection at Oporto. How many more?—Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, the American soprano, announces (not for the first time), her intention to retire altogether from the operatic stage.—The Teatro Quirino, Rome, is about to be demolished, and a new and more commodious edifice erected on its site.—Hermann Götz's opera, *Francesca da Rimini*, has been produced with genuine success at the Theatre Royal in Hanover.—J. S. Bach's *Passion of St. Matthew* was performed on the 23rd ult., in the ancient city of Nuremberg, for the first time. What would Hans Sachs and the "Master-singers" have thought of such music?—At the last concert of the Antwerp School of Music, a "Posthumous Minuet," by Beethoven, was to be one of the features of the programme (Mr. George Grove can tell us all about it).—One of the Lisbon critics likens Sarah Bernhardt to Saint Theresa.—The Emperor of Austria has conferred upon Xavier Scharwenka, so well-known of recent years amongst us, at the

Crystal Palace and elsewhere, the honorary title (shared by so many) of "Pianist to the Imperial Court."—Gounod is said to be composing an opera to be entitled *Les Iaconoclastes*.—The New York Musical Festival, so long talked of, has been a genuine success. It began on Tuesday evening, the 2nd inst., and terminated on Saturday, the 6th. Mr. Theodore Thomas was conductor. The concert devoted exclusively to excerpts from Wagner's operas, in which Madame Materna, the original Brünnhilde at Bayreuth, took part, seems to have been the most attractive of the week.



THE "FREIHEIT" of last Saturday contained a most disgraceful article, headed "Against Tyrants all Means are Lawful," in which the murders in Phoenix Park were spoken of as "this heroically bold act of popular justice, done at a time when the hitherto leaders of the Land League had turned traitors," and which affirmed that "In politics there is no such thing as murder, but only a removal of obstacles." Upon this article a fresh prosecution has been undertaken by the Government, the person arrested being a German named Mertens, who resided at the office of the paper, and assisted in setting up the type, but who denies being the writer of the article. He is now under remand.

A SELF-ACCUSED FENIAN.—On Saturday a man named William O'Connell entered into a dispute with a Grenadier Guardsman in a tavern at Pimlico respecting the Phoenix Park murders, and, getting very excited, declaring himself to be an American Irishman, and "one of the boys that done the deeds," drew a long dagger-knife and stabbed at the soldier, who however luckily avoided the blow, and with assistance disarmed him. When before the magistrate on Monday, the prisoner professed to have no recollection of what had occurred, but he has been remanded for inquiries. One of the witnesses deposed that before the soldier arrived at the tavern O'Connell had shown his dagger, saying that he had assisted to kill Lord Frederick Cavendish, and adding "not only that, but we have got it all smoked and dried for Forster."

MR. BRADLAUGH seems to be doomed to defeat in every direction. On Monday the friendly suit brought against him by Mr. Gurney for the purpose of obtaining a legal decision on his claim to sit in Parliament was defeated by the refusal of the judges to hear the case. Mr. Justice Manisty said that the Court could only deal with an abstract question of law when the whole of the facts were before them, and that "some people might think" that this action was brought for the benefit of the defendant. Mr. Justice Watkin Williams was even more severe. He spoke of the case as not only "friendly" from the obvious and studious omissions in the pleadings, but as "collusive," there being neither plaintiff nor defendant in the ordinary sense of those words. It was "a sort of fraud and covin on the Court (which the Court had sometimes punished as a contempt by imprisonment), and such litigation should be stopped till affidavits were filed, or some other steps were taken."

ANOTHER SUPPOSED ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP THE MANSION HOUSE was made on Friday last, but happily frustrated by the timely discovery of the packet of explosives by two boys, one of whom extinguished the fuse. The tin box had punctured upon it the words "Ellis and his Landlords, Buckshot, from the Irish Fenian Skirmishing Society," and contained blasting powder mixed with pieces of iron. No arrests have been made, but the Corporation have offered a reward of 500*l.* for information leading to the conviction of the perpetrators.

LORD MARCUS BERESFORD and **PRINCE BATTHYANY** were respectively plaintiff and defendant in an action brought this week in the Chancery Division to compel the specific performance of an alleged agreement as to the sale of the Warren House Estate, at Newmarket. Mr. Justice Kay, in dismissing the case, without costs, said that he did so because he was unable to say which of the contending parties was entitled to the greater credit for accuracy of memory, and his decision must therefore rest on the clear rule of law which threw the burden of proof upon the plaintiff.

STEVENS v. PATTIL.—Mr. Victor Emmanuel Stevens has been defeated in his action against Madame Adelina Patti, and few people will, we should imagine, feel any sympathy for him in his discomfiture. Mr. Baron Huddleston, in summing up, reminded the jury that the plaintiff's statements respecting his exorbitant and audacious claims were flatly contradicted, and that in every instance something discreditable to himself was revealed. He had no words fit to express his loathing for a man who could enter into a secret contract with a woman, concealing it from her husband in whose house he was staying as a guest, and afterwards abuse her confidence for the purposes of extortion.

THE TRIAL OF THE SKYE CROFTERS at Inverness resulted only in the imposition of fines, which with the expenses were at once paid by the Celtic Societies, under protest, notice of appeal being also given, so that the convictions may yet be quashed. The more serious charges of "deformance" were withdrawn in consequence of technical objections, and the "assaults" were proved to be of the very slightest character. On the return of the liberated men to Portree they were boisterously welcomed by their friends. It is

stated the inhabitants of an entire village, to the number of 100, have resolved to emigrate *en masse* to Canada.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION under the Employers' Liability Act was given the other day, in the Dudley County Court, by Sir Rupert Kettle, who awarded 150*l.* damages to the widow of a collier who had been killed in Lord Dudley's service, ruling that no man could by contracting himself out of the Act, bar his wife's right of action after his death.

A LIBELLOUS POSTCARD, addressed to a City firm as the "thieving mining agents," and bearing on the other side the brief but suggestive inscription: "What a pair of old rogues you are! Steal another 450*l.*," was the subject of an action in the Queen's Bench Division on Tuesday. The peculiar manner in which the amount was written, the *£* after instead of before the figures, assisted the jury in arriving at the conclusion that the defendant was the writer, and he was consequently amerced in 200*l.* damages.

VAGRANTS AND MENDICANTS.—The Committee of the Howard Association has just issued a comprehensive pamphlet on the best treatment of vagrancy and mendicancy. Among their principal recommendations are the more uniform and decided use of existing means of repression, prompt individual investigation, and the bestowal of relief, always under certain conditions.

THE USE OF FIREARMS.—At Cheltenham, one Colonel Stephens, who appears to be insane, is in custody on remand, charged with shooting at a gentleman named Littledale, in Fulwood Park, on Sunday last. His friends offered to place him in an asylum pending the trial, but the magistrates refused bail, very properly remarking that the prisoner ought to have been taken care of before.

A "LONG FIRM," consisting of eleven members, whose method of business was to obtain large quantities of goods without payment by the simple expedient of giving each other's names as "references," has just met with its deserts at the hands of Mr. Justice Hawkins. Their trial lasted seven days, and, all being convicted, the three chief conspirators were sent to penal servitude for five years, whilst the others were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment with hard labour.

"ENDURANCE CONTESTS."—Thirteen persons who took part in and assisted at the so-called prize-fight in St. Andrew's Hall, Tavistock Place (the building it seems was never consecrated as a chapel, although Archdeacon Dunbar had it licensed as a place of worship), cannot certainly complain of having been severely dealt with. The man who assaulted the police had to pay a fine of 5*l.*, the principals and seconds were bound over in their own recognisances to surrender for judgment when called upon; the person who found the money for the training of one of the principals, was ordered to enter into recognisances of 100*l.* to keep the peace; and the other defendants had to find recognisances to keep the peace for twelve months. The reason of this leniency was that the case for the prosecution broke down on the principal charge, which was accordingly withdrawn, and the defendants pleaded guilty to the minor counts of "assault" and taking part in a "disorderly assembly." There was a remarkable conflict of evidence as to what really took place, some of the statements of the police being met by point-blank denial on the part of the defence, but taking only the undisputed portions of the testimony it seems clear that a "contest for endurance" under the "Queensberry Rules" is as much like a prize-fight as one thing can possibly be like another. It is true that gloves are used, but the competitors go into training for the battle, and enter the ring with the full determination to fight round after round until one or the other is so far injured, or at least exhausted, that his seconds are compelled to "throw up the sponge." We lay no stress on the fact that the victor in the "contest" was to carry off a silver cup, and that "there was money on the fight," because these circumstances might be and indeed often are found in connection with genuine sparring matches, where skill, and not mere bull-dog "endurance," wins the day, and the defeated man rarely sustains more injury than a swollen nose or black eye. Boxing pure and simple is a manly exercise, which is deserving of all possible commendation and encouragement, especially at a time when the use of the fist in self-defence seems to be far too often abandoned in favour of such cowardly weapons as pistols and knives. But there is a wide difference between genuine boxing or sparring with properly padded gloves, where science and skill are the chief elements of the competition, and "staying power" is a mere "accident" amongst the requirements, and these "endurance contests" in which the men (whether gloved or not does not matter in the least) merely stand up and pound away at each other to ascertain which can take the greatest amount of "punishment."

THE REMOVAL OF THE OBSTRUCTION KNOWN AS HELL GATE in the Hudson River, which causes so much trouble to vessels entering and leaving the port of New York, does not seem to progress very fast. Another attempt to blow up some of the obnoxious rocks will be made this summer, but although 523,200*l.* have already been spent on the work, it is expected that four years' more labour will be necessary to complete it.

SOME SINGULAR REPUBLICAN DINNERS are given by an old Philadelphian Club, whose members form part of the "Help Myself Society." Each diner is obliged to don a cook's apron and help to prepare the meal, no servants are allowed to wait, and at the close the members and their guests have to wash up their own dishes. President Arthur is to be the next guest, and his position will apparently in no wise relieve him from the conditions.

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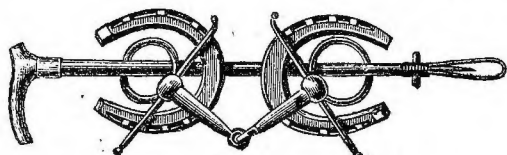
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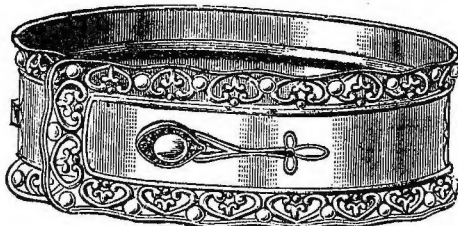
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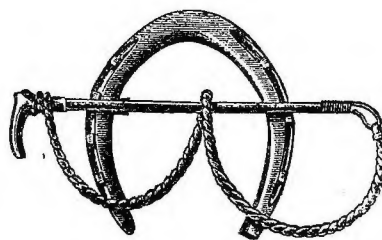
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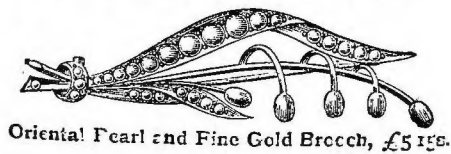


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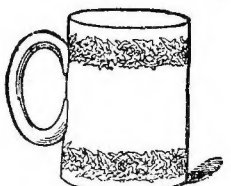
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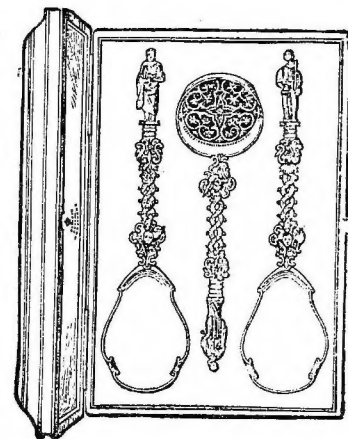
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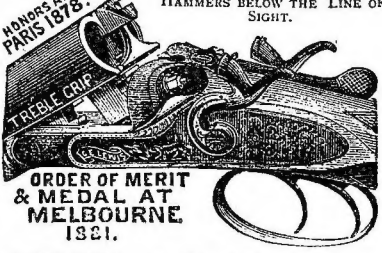
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